Vol. VI Toronto November 1925 No.4

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"Sweeties to the Sweetie"

"So idle like a painted ship."

"Three cheers for the Reds, Whites and Blues."

"Won't you—set down?"

—S. S., New Yorker.

* * *

Subway Guard: Do you want to go to Brooklyn, young lady?

Traveler: No, I have to.

—Brown Jug.

* * *

Sweet Revenge

"Three gallons of gas, please."

"Yes, sir. Want some cylinder oil, too?"

"No, just gas."

"Do you want some paint? Your car needs it, and we've some dandy paint—heat proof, dirt proof, guaranteed to wear long."

"No, I want only gas to-day."

"Then you want your car washed?"

"I said that I wanted only gas."

"You want a tire, then. We've got some good non-skids. Only $40 a piece. Want one? Yours——"

"I tell you I want only gas to-day!"

"Yes, sir; but—say, your rear lights are all shot to pieces. You need new ones. We just got in some dandy new crack-proof celluloid lights. Shall I put some in?"

"No! I want only *gas*, do you understand?"

"Your magneto needs adjusting—didja hear that funny noise in the motor when you stopped? It needs adjusting. I'll fix it, what?"

"No! I want only *gas, gas!!* Do you hear!!"

"Yes, sir!" And with the gas obtained, the exasperated motorist drove angrily away. But for once the garage man had got even with his barber.

—W. Peter Schramm, New Yorker.

"Catch me, Clarence, I'm dizzy."
"Wassamatter?"
"I been readin' a circular letter."
—Dirge.

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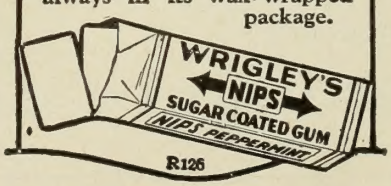
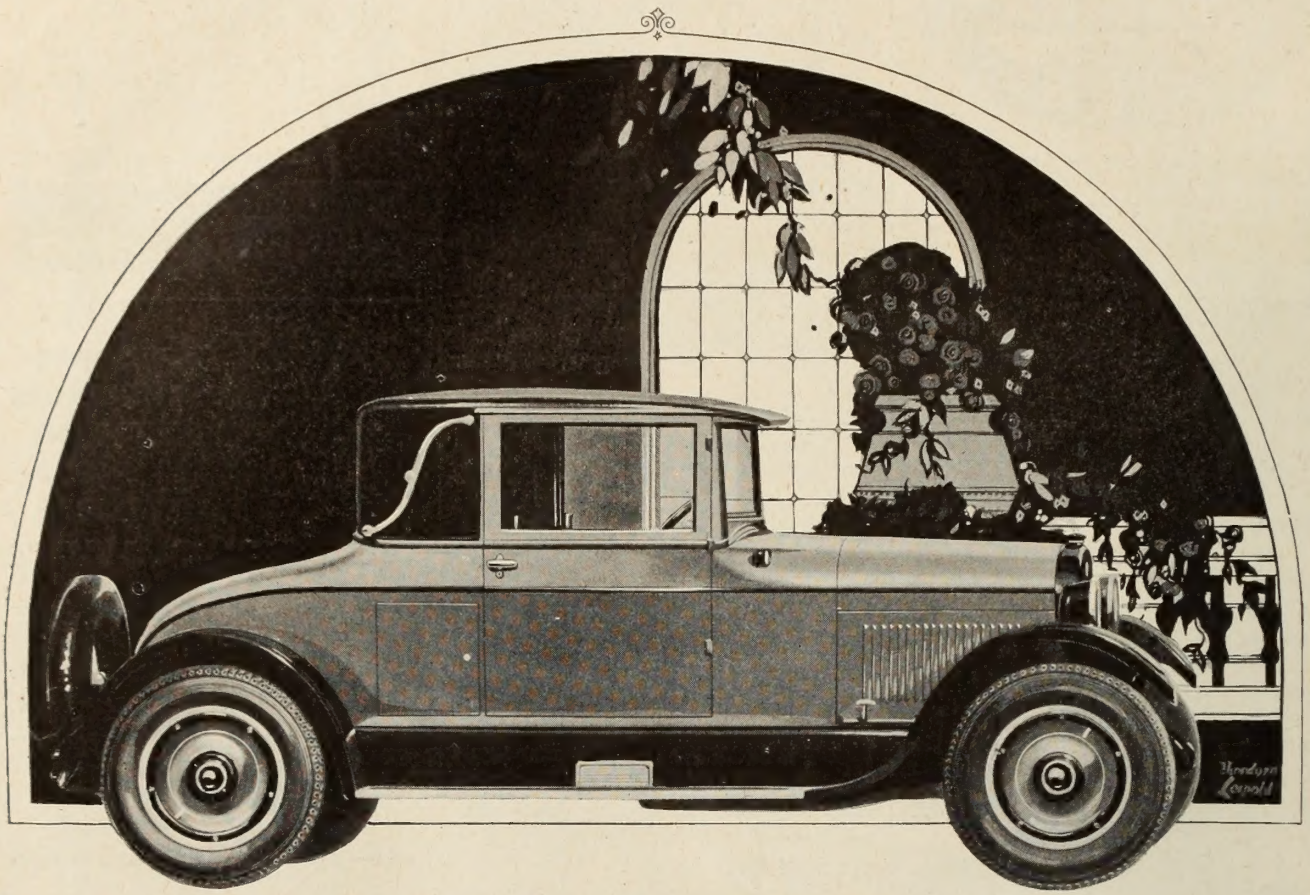
Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.





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—Landau type top with permanent visor.

—Cluster assembly of instruments on a richly finished nickeled panel, located on walnut-finished board.

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—Richly upholstered and durably finished.

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—Six-cylinder, fifty horse-power engine.

—Mounted on the standard 120-inch Reo double-frame chassis.

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Windsor, Ontario

The Goblin

Volume VI. TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1925 Number 4

A man arrested for begging in Montreal says he has not had a dollar's worth of silver in his pocket in six months. What an ideal taxi-driver!

* * *

DeWolf Hopper, who not long ago was divorced for the fifth time, has again re-married. The new Mrs. Hopper should be less concerned about keeping the wolf from the door than about keeping deWolf from the divorce court.

* * *

After 4.30 p.m. in Ontario a bottle in the hand is worth two in the dispensary. —*K. C.*

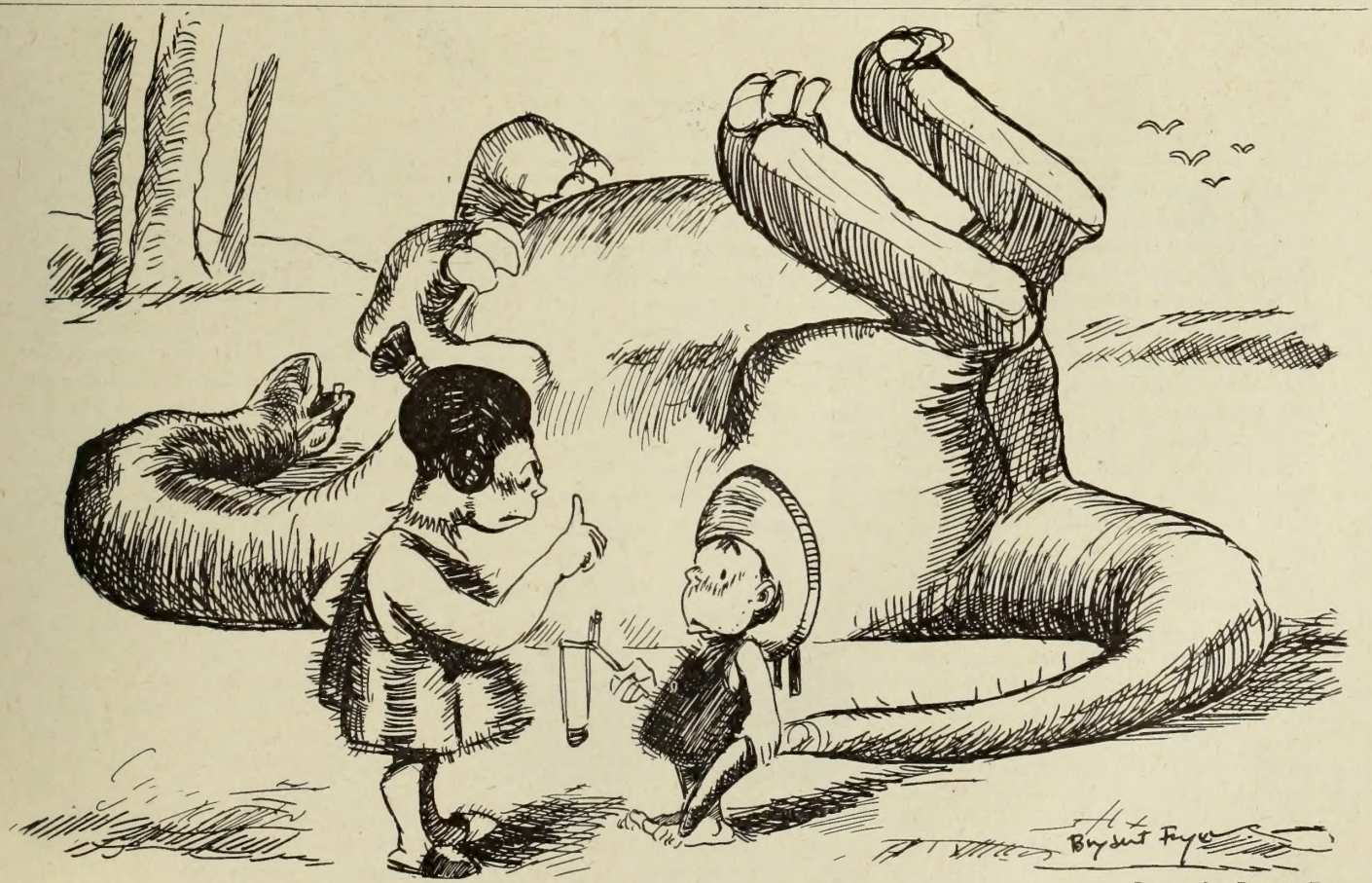
* * *

"Step on it!" said Sir Walter Raleigh, as Queen Elizabeth stood at the puddle.

Stripp-Bear

"One of the prettiest weddings of the year took place this afternoon . . . . when Miss Claudia Bear . . . . . was married to Mr. Clarence Stripp, of Hamilton." —*Society Item.*

What with the frost coming on and all, it's just as well this affair was solemnized as early as it was.



Drawn by Bryant Fryer.

"I do not mind your shooting the poor beasts, Piltdown, but I will not have you dragging them home to clutter up the yard."

"And then our quarter-back lost his head—"
"Oh dear, what a dreadful game!"

The Society Editor Substitutes On the Financial Page

A charming session took place yesterday morning and afternoon at the home of the Toronto Stock Exchange, Bay Street, Toronto, when a most entrancing "bull" market delighted the many members of the Exchange and their friends who were present.

Amalgamated Milling (the stock certificates of which are *papier Normandie*, over laid with gold and royal blue) and Consolidated Motors whose certificates are antique bond with steel engraving and a deckle edge) cut melons while Vulcan Gas, Alameda Oil, North-west Copper and several other younger companies passed the dividends. Vortex Silver made a very pleasing presentation to its shareholders consisting of bright green and gray stock bonuses, suitably engraved. At noon a delicate luncheon was served in the nearby Cafe des Enfants. Among those present at the Exchange were noticed B. C. Fish, C. P. Railway, Con. Smelters, M. L. Milling, F. Players, Union Bank and many others.

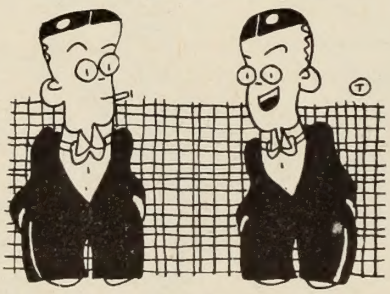
—Huron Barnes.

Why

If, as the newspaper writers have it, a dead baseball player goes to play a sterner game in the Beyond, a dead policeman's feet leave to tread a Happier Beat and a dead lawyer departs to plead before a Higher Tribunal—.

Why don't they say that a dead fireman has gone to fight a Fiercer Flame?

And There She Was



First Detroiter (derisively)—What, married? Don't make me laugh, stupid. How did you ever get a wife?

Second Ditto (after a trip to Windsor)—I just sobered up and there she was.

Unusual Tales

I

The Penniless Young Man and the Headwaiter

Once upon a time there was a penniless young man who, absurdly enough, took a young lady to a fashionable supper restaurant. Like all fashionable supper restaurants, it was packed to the sidewalk and entrance was possible only with the very greatest difficulty. However, the headwaiter of the establishment, at once realizing that the young man was quite penniless, welcomed him with effusion, and, escorting him and the young lady through the crowd that filled the doorway, insisted upon seating them at one of the choicest ringside tables. After a most tasty supper consisting of Astrakhan caviar, green turtle soup, roast quail on toast, and a spicy fruit salad, the headwaiter positively refused to allow the young fellow to pay a cent, but declared that it was all "on the house." As for the young lady, he presented her with a handsome souvenir of the restaurant in the shape of a diamond bracelet.

—Charles G. Shaw.

Goblin's Calendar for November

1—Su.—Great Lisbon earthquake, 60,000, killed, 1755; Reaction begins in favour of the monarchy in Germany 1848; Von Hindenburg kisses battalion of school children; 768 tickled to death, 1925.

2—M. — National Thanksgiving in U.S.A. for peace, 1865; 23 hold-ups, 4 murders and tong war outbreak in Chicago, 1925.

3—Tu.—A Roman Catholic peer admitted to the House of Lords, 1884; Orangemen decide to celebrate on March 17th hereafter, A.D. 7688. Mother-in-law joke invented by Cain's wife, B.C.

4—W. —Sir John A. Macdonald resigns as head of Council to become minister of railways and canals, 1889; Great windstorm subsides 1901; Defeated candidates cease explanations, 1925.

5—Th.—King of England drops "France" from his title, 1800; Prohibition declared a failure, 1925.

6—F. — Catiline gathers his conspirators preparatory to killing the senators, B.C. 63; Senate reform proposed in Canada, A.D. 1881, 1893, 1905, 1920, 1922, 1925.

7—Sa.—First colored regiment in U.S.A. organized 1862; Great Charleston epidemic sweeps North American continent, 1925.

8—Su.—Cicero delivers first Philipic, B.C. 63; T L. Church thanks radio audience for his election, 1925; First fish story told by Jonah, B.C.

9—M. —Three day fire starts in Boston, 1872. Lord Mayor's day in London.

10—Tu.— Baked Beans discovered in Boston, 1872. Chinese Imperialists massacre over 1,000 natives of Nanking, 1911; Chinese laundries massacre 57,448 shirts in Canada, 1923.

11—W. —Armistice Day: Cholera reported to be spreading among Turkish army, 1912; Mah Jong reported to be spreading in America, 1923. Stamped out by cross word puzzles, 1924.

12—Th.—Feast day of St. Nilus. Americans under Montgomery attempt to surprize Montreal, 1775; Montreal surprizes Americans under alcohol, 1923, 1924, 1925.

13—F. — Andrew Haswell Green, "Father of Greater New York," dies in 1903. Andrew Haswell Green turns in grave 1925.

14—Sa.—First spiritualist lecture with rappings given at Rochester, 1848; Conan Doyle predicts impending calamity, 1925; First Christmas present budget of the year, prepared at Toronto, 1925.

15—Su.— Mason and Dixon arrive from England to survey the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland, 1763; Monument to Messrs. Mason and Dixon erected by grateful federation of song writers, 1935; Ham and eggs first go into partnership 1321.

16—M. — Execution of Louis Riel, 1885; Tower of Babel declared tallest building in the Shinarian Empire, B.C.

17—Tu.—Abbotts of Reading permitted to coin money, 1338; Church bazaars permitted to hold raffles 1883. Sauerkraut first eaten by starving beggar, 1764.

18—W. —Queen Victoria accepts gift of five Arab horses from the Sultan of Turkey, 1866; Bishop of Axminster denounces bustles, horse-cars and the waltz as evidence of modern degeneracy, 1899.

19—Th.—Death of Catherine the Great of Russia, 1796; Newspaper reporter refuses cigar as likely to influence his view-point, A.D. 6,000

20—F. — J. P. Morgan presents U.S.A. with set of autographs of signers of Declaration of Independence, 1912. Oxford bags become essential in American colleges, 1924.

21—Sa.—Floods in U.S.A. do over $2,000,000 damage, 1896; U.S.A. declared completely dry by Andrew Volstead, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925. Comedian in burlesque show first uses gag, "So's your old man!", chaired through the town, 1856.

22—Su.—Feast day of St. Cecilia. Comedian in burlesque show uses gag, "So's your old man!", 1926; is crippled by chairs thrown from audience.

23—M. — Florida named by Ponce de Leon, 1513; Florida discovered 1924; Ira X. Meek trumps partner's ace, 1913.

24—Tu.—First transit of Venus across the face of the sun observed in England, 1639; Husband delayed at office for third time in the week comes home with powder on shoulder; ambulance arrives too late, Toronto. 1922. Peggy Hopkins Joyce declares she will never marry again, 1920, 1021, 1922, etc. Death of Ira X. Meek, 1913.

25—W. —British evacuate New York city, 1783; Traffic cop is polite to motorist in Detroit, 1924; Detroit claims title of fastest growing city on continent, 1925.

26—Th.— Death of Isabella of Castile, 1504; Michael Arlen, a writer, buys heliotrope and cerise vest, 1925; Elinor Glyn cables congratulations.

27—F. —Death of Horace, B.C. 8; Death of Alexandre Dumas, the younger, 1895; Edgar A. Guest elected Poet Laureate of the United States, 1928.

28—Sa.—English suffragettes pour ink and acids in mail boxes, 1912; Kiwanian speaker prophecies blue ruin ahead, 1999. Ku Klux Klan and Knights of Columbus hold joint banquet, 9893.

29—Su.—London Times first printed by steam power, 1814; Hearst papers run on hot air, every day; Death of Horace Greeley, 1872. Movie actress first poses for photo with Spanish shawl, 1911.

30—M. — St. Andrew's Day. 76 haggis farms pay dividends, 1918; Glengarry dispensaries report bumper day. 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925. 10,348 after dinner speakers tell story about an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman, 1925.

Drawn by Leslie P. Marchant.

McAndrew: "Hooray—the wind has changed!"
Convalescent Wife: "Well mon, what of it?"
McAndrew: "Ye ken the doctor said ye needed a change of air!"

Wild Willie

Little Willie ate, one night,
Grandma's lip-stick, with delight.
Doctor, when he saw the lad,
Muttered "Willie's color's bad."

* * *

Kings

Steel kings . . . tin kings . . . lumber kings . . . oil kings . . . soap kings . . . glue kings . . . button kings . . . paper kings . . . railroad kings . . . carpet kings . . . butter and egg kings . . . jazz kings . . . homerun kings . . . tobacco kings candy kings . . . rubber kings . . . soda-pop kings . . . moving-picture kings . . . kings out of a job, who live on the shadow of an income and memories of bygone days . . . C.G.S.

* * *

A Certain Man

When the honors for saying the wrong thing at the right time are being distributed he should not be forgotten.

On one occasion he was at the house of a friend late in the afternoon and was asked to stop to dinner. He accepted.

The meat which was the *piece de resistance* of the meal was rather tough and his hostess commented upon it.

"I'm afraid you are finding the beef rather tough," she said.

He raised a deprecatory hand.

"I never look a gift horse in the mouth," he replied, smilingly.

—*K. C.*

* * *

All in the Name of Business

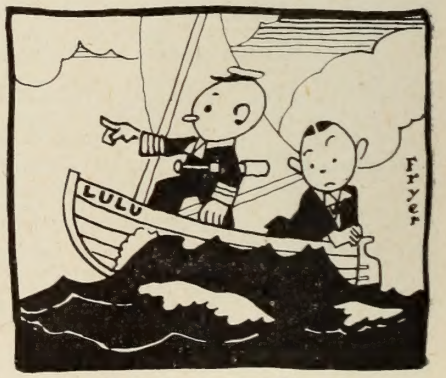
How're you keeping? . . . . How's your wife? . . . . How're the kiddies? . . . . How are the folks? . . . . Have a cigar? . . . . Have a drink? . . . . How's your golf? . . . . How's your bridge? . . . . How's your car? . . . . How's your new house?

Beautiful view you have from your office here. . . . . Wonderful speech you made at the Rotary Luncheon. . . . . Magnificent weather you had for your hunting trip.

What do you think of the election? . . . . What do you think of business conditions? . . . . What do you think of the Florida boom?

They tell me you're making millions here. . . . . They tell me you're one of the brightest men in the city. . . . . They tell me you'll be nominated for mayor next year.

Now, Mr. Jones, I'd like to interest you in our new Exelsior Oil Burner which not only gives you the most satisfactory method of heating a house yet evolved, but also is certain to cut your fuel bill by at least one third every winter. This burner, Mr. Jones, is easy to . . . . . Thank you, Mr. Jones, for the order! —*K. C.*



First Prohibitionist: "Use a sentence containing the word 'Saskatchewan'."
Second Comedian: "I caught El Saskatchewan one of the gold fish."

First Snow

How should one think to-day of summer nights,
Of shadowed rocks asleep, and the frogs crying,
Of scents that stir the mind to mad delights
And pain, the pine trees black and silent lying,
Mirrored dim, voices across the lake,
Of firelight's glint on golden hair, of eyes
That met and hands that reached to take
Soft waiting hands, and all the star hung skies?
Oh, April has no power to stab the heart
Like stark November—when the trees stand bare
And softly, deftly floating, swim and dart
The butterflies of winter through the air!

—*J. E. McD.*

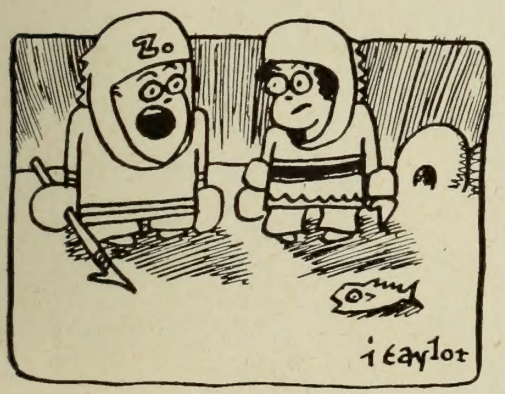
* * * *

Getting His Orders

"Spike, dear," cooed the burglar's wife, perching herself on the arm of his chair and affectionately tweaking his cauliflower ear, "I haven't a decent rag to wear to the Safe Blower's Ball."

"Dere's nothin' doin' now, babe," announced her fond husband. "Payin' me income tax left me cleaner'n a dishwasher's mitts."

"Well," pouted his storm and strife, "then you'll just have to do your Christmas shoplifting early!"



Beatrice: Marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition.

Ferdinand: Sure, fifty for a new dress, fifty for a new hat!"

"How is your brother, the stunt flyer?"
"Down and out again, thank goodness."

The Screamer Was Busy

Mrs. Gayboy, who was well aware of her hubbie's philandering proclivities, was engaging a new maid.

"Now, remember, Norah," she cautioned, "if my husband should try to kiss you, I want you to scream."

Norah agreed. But several days later the mistress discovered Gayboy with the new maid cornered under the mistletoe, implanting a far-from-fatherly kiss on the not-unwilling lips of the new maid, of whom she demanded, "Well, Norah, why didn't you scream?"

"Sure, ma'am," Norah explained, "I couldn't do two things at once."

* * * *

Lines on a Convict.
Horizontal.

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen?

The landlord of a colored family whose scruples were not all they should be, called to collect his rent one morning and found his tenant's wife administering a sound spanking to one of her numerous "carbon copies."

"Well, Mrs. Jackson," he remarked, "'I see you don't believe in sparing the rod. What has he done, anyway?"

"Well, if you wants to know," the irate woman replied, "dat no 'count chile brang home a passel ob strange chillun to listen at de radio, an one ob dem recognized our cow."

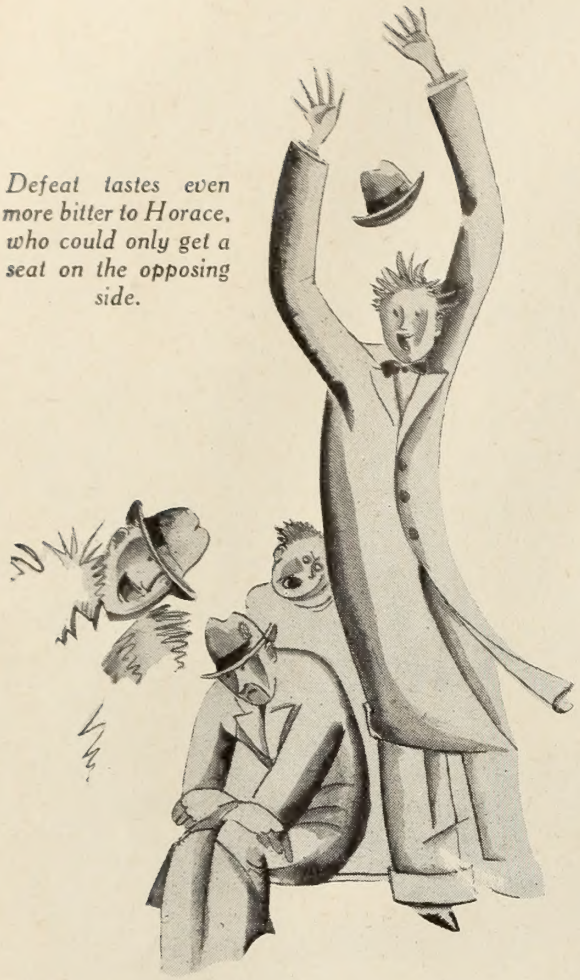
* * * *

Did you hear about the freshman (of Scottish extraction) who used disappearing ink so that the same piece of paper would last him all season?

THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN!

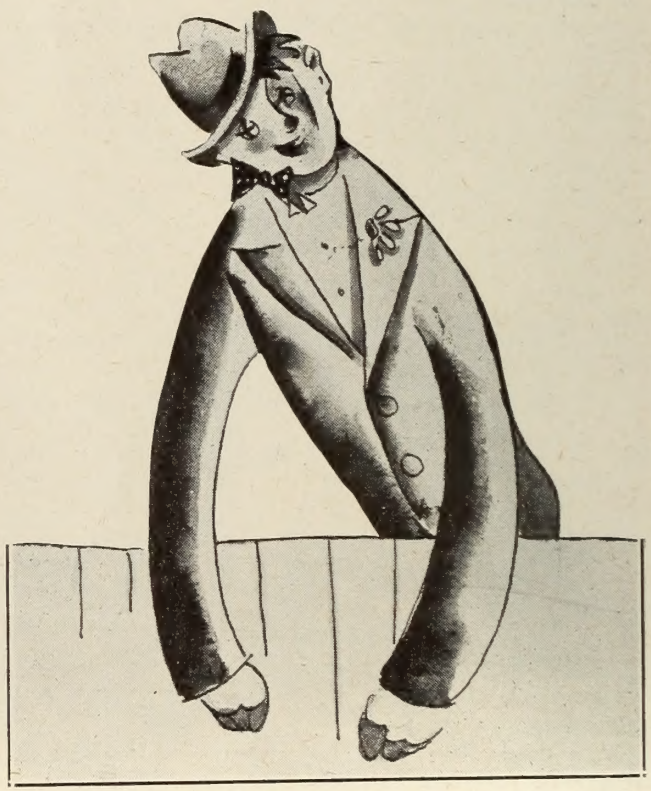
Has Just Been Made in the Last Two Minutes of the Big Game. Its Reaction on Some of Us in the Grandstand

Drawings By A. B. SAWTELLE



Defeat tastes even more bitter to Horace, who could only get a seat on the opposing side.

Celeste is wearing the halfback's fraternity pin. She has just exclaimed for the tenth time to her escort: "Isn't he big and brutal and WON-DER-FUL!"



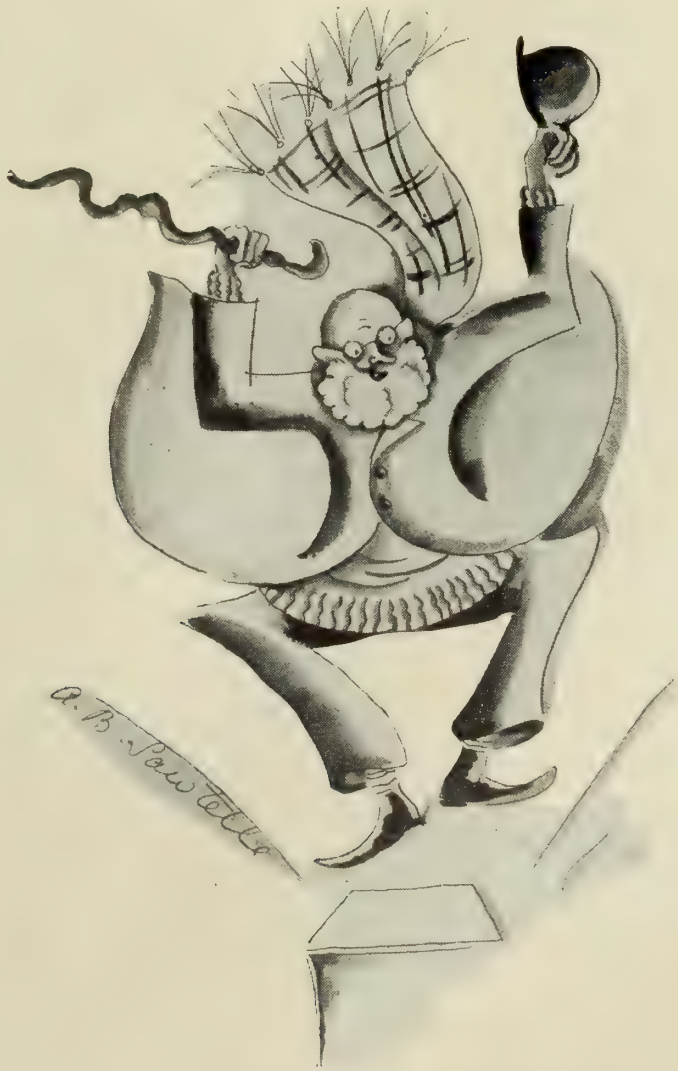
Wunnerful! Two touchdowns at once!!

Percy and Betty have just had one of those jolly little lover's tiffs. "Why didn't they do that long ago?" she asks.

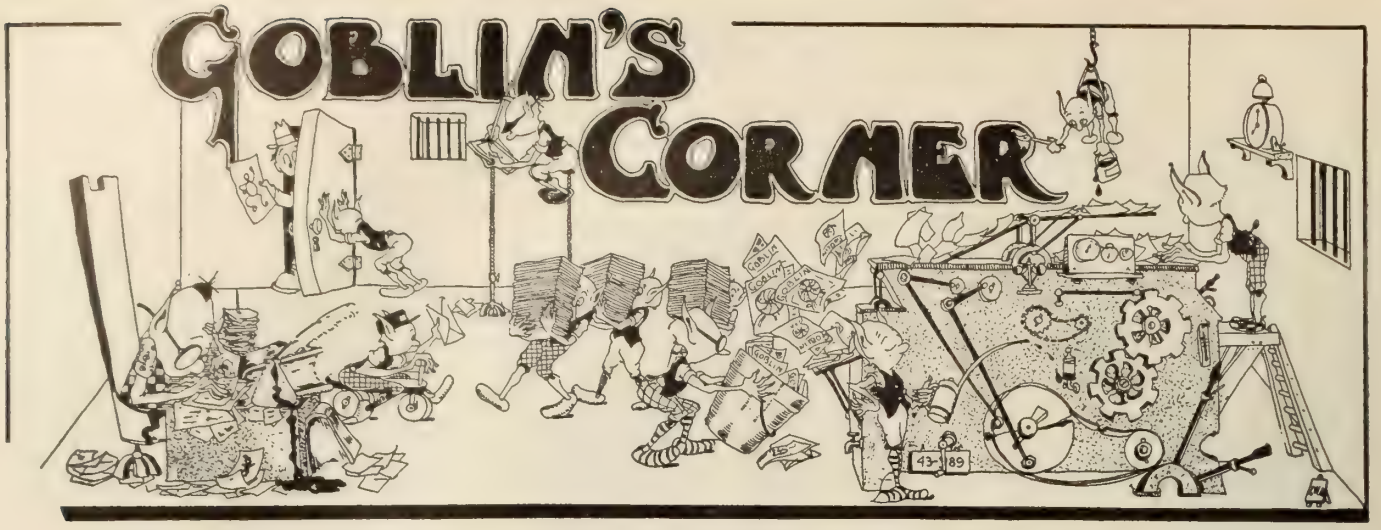
In one's enthusiasm one finds oneself embracing total strangers.

"What's happened? Why is everybody so excited?" asks dear little Dora. Nice girl, Dora, but—you know.

The mother of the hero regards the achievement with mingled emotions.



The class of '83 has lost none of its College Spirit.



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Managing Editor — J. E. McDougall

At the Cross-roads

At the time this is written the Federal election is still an event of the future and predictions as to its probable outcome remain in the realm of astrology, crystal-gazing and the occult sciences. Nobody really knows how the country is going to swing—it is one of the most uncertain, as well as one of the most momentous, elections which have ever taken place in the Dominion.

A few years ago—just after the war—the political spell-binders and after-luncheon orators were fond of picturing Canada as "standing at the cross-roads." It was a true picture—Canada was then at the parting of the ways—and the sad, the awful sequel is that Canada is still there to-day!

In the last five years the country has hardly moved at all. The only difference between now and the time a few years ago is that whereas then the country was standing at the cross-roads, ready to go forward in one direction or the other, now it is merely sitting there, rather disheartened, rather discouraged, just waiting for something to happen.

It is fruitless to try, at this time, to affix the blame for the country's unenviable position on any one particular political group, section of the country or economic condition.

All we know for certain is that if the country had had, during the past few years, the strong political leadership to which it is entitled, it would not be still in its present position to-day.

Even supposing that this leadership were wrong-headed, that it aroused a storm of protest and condemnation from one end of the country to the other, at least it would have brought matters to a head and have ended the terrible lassitude into which the country has drifted.

Canada should demand now, whatever way the election goes, dynamic leadership and, above all, action! There is no one who doubts but that Canada is destined eventually to gain prosperity no matter how its political and national life may be readjusted.

It is stated that the last Cabinet had the courage of its convictions. What the country needs is not so much politicians who have the courage of their convictions as politicians who actually possess some convictions to have the courage of! May this next parliament be full of them!

—*K.C.*

Potage Canadien

The Unfortunate Politician

Once upon a time there was a certain Canadian politician who, so far as anybody could make out, was in favor of protection and free trade, prohibition and government control, a united Dominion and Maritime secession, free love and matrimony, French ascendancy and British supremacy, Socialism and capitalism, black and white all at the same time.

Everybody was satisfied!

Then one day the politician was walking down the street talking out of both sides of his mouth at once. Suddenly he burst into two parts and before anyone could intervene attacked himself savagely. When police arrived they found both parts of him completely pulverized and extinct.

And everybody was more satisfied than ever!

* * *

Spectacles

This age is one that loves spectacles. The football games of a generation ago may have been as hard fought and probably had as much at stake, but the game as played to-day with the fashionable grandstand, the roaring bleachers, the bands, the parades and what not are unbeaten from the purely spectacular standpoint. To achieve the utmost, however, we should reclaim one feature of the old game which we have discarded. It may be a sign of the efficiency of the day that our stars resemble nothing so such as football stars whereas in the old days, as any group photographer knows, rugby players looked either like poets or burlesque comedians. Where are the languorous locks and soulful sideboards of the gridiron heros of yesteryear? The spectacle is the poorer for their loss.

* * *

Dont's for Parlor Comedians

1. Don't tell the story about the Colonel and the little French Girl until you have counted slowly up to 500 by fives. Then you won't tell it.

2. Don't perform juggling feats with breakables. You are almost sure to smash some irreplaceable *objet d'art* and this has a tendency to annoy the hostess.

City Sparrows—November

Oh, small divinity, whose might
Is o'er the forest birds, that hears their prayers,
Twittered half sleeping in the night,
And grants the little need that's theirs,
Have pity on these infidels that flutter
Far from thy high cathedral way
And miserably in eavestrough and in gutter
Eke out their little atheistic day,
Yield them from mercy's store a sheltered ledge
Safe from the fury of the winter's blow,
Some warm soft nesting at a chimney's edge,
And grant a daily bread crust on the snow!

—*J.E.McD.*

3. Don't turn handsprings unless you are sure *every one* present has had at least five drinks.

4. Don't throw things.

5. Don't trip people.

6. Don't start college yells.

7. Don't sing.

8. Don't put on other people's hats.

9. Don't tell stories dealing with controversial topics. Remember it's a wise-cracker that knows his own audience.

10. Don't do solo dances.

11. Don't do card tricks.

"Why don't you like Conservative women, Alicia darling?"

"Oh, Gustave, they are all such Meighen things!"

12. Don't make "humorous" speeches.

13. Don't be a parlor comedian.

—*Huron Barnes.*

* * *

All in The Day's Work

Five o'clock struck in the great city, and 74,529 desks were shut with a bang.

3,897 cloak models powdered their noses and rouged their lips.

2,643 clerks rolled down their shirt sleeves and whistled a popular tune.

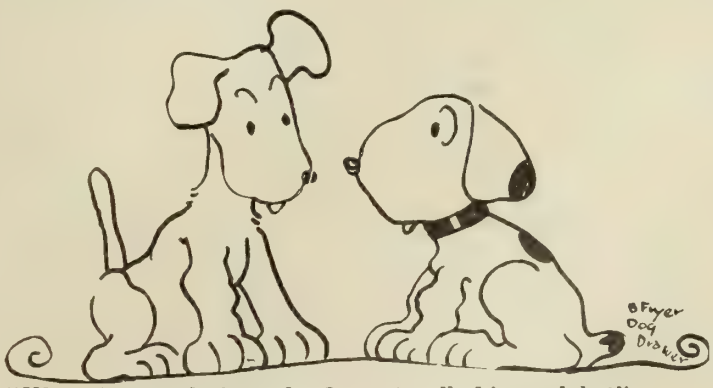
908 undergraduate students seized their notebooks and dashed from the classroom.

721 commuters mised their train.

1,483 tired-business-men slapped on their hats and left the office.

107 flappers, who had spent the entire previous night dancing, yawned and murmured: "Guess I ought to get up. It's almost time for a cocktail."

—*C. G. Shaw.*



"What do you think of the Queens' yell, Marmaduke?"
"Well, its kind o' hard to say, my dear Montmorency!"

First Suburbanite: "I'm livin' out at Fishook now."
Second Ditto: "Fishook? Where's that?"
First Ditto: "The end of the line."

If Rejection Slips Only Told The Truth

"We are returning your manuscript with a very real sense of relief. The darned thing has been kicking around our desk until we are heartily sick and tired of seeing it. Its return must not be construed as a reflection on its merit; for all we know it may be a masterpiece, but we have not taken the time to read it.

"Please rest assured that we will be glad to see less and less of your work as time goes on.

"The Editors, The Monthly Blight."

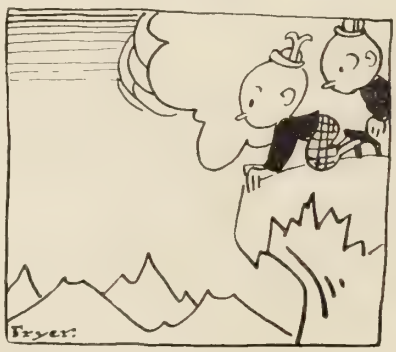
* * *

"Your story 'Frozen Fires' is returned herewith. Though this made such a tremendously favorable impression at first that we re-read it six times aloud for sheer pleasure, we found on the seventh reading that the element of surprise was decidedly tenuous, and the denouement could be foreseen by one versed in the intricacies of plot construction.

"It may interest you to know that we have enough material on hand for the next five years.

"The Editors, Midnight Yawns."

* * *



Bob—"What virtue does a Doctor need most?"
Rob—"Patients."

"We are returning your article 'Today or Never' because we have kept it so long that it is hopelessly out of date. It will, of course, be a disappointment to you to get this back, but you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we have not charged you storage rates for the many months the manuscript has been in our offices.

"The Editors, Tarrylong Weekly."

* * *

"Your manuscript has been turned down for the reason or reasons checked off in the following list:

"Editor lost $14.70 at poker last light.

Editor disciplining assistant, who O.K.'d this manuscript.

Editor having weekly grouch.

Editor cleaning up desk, regardless.

Editor in hurry to get to golf club.

Editor getting even for row with wife.

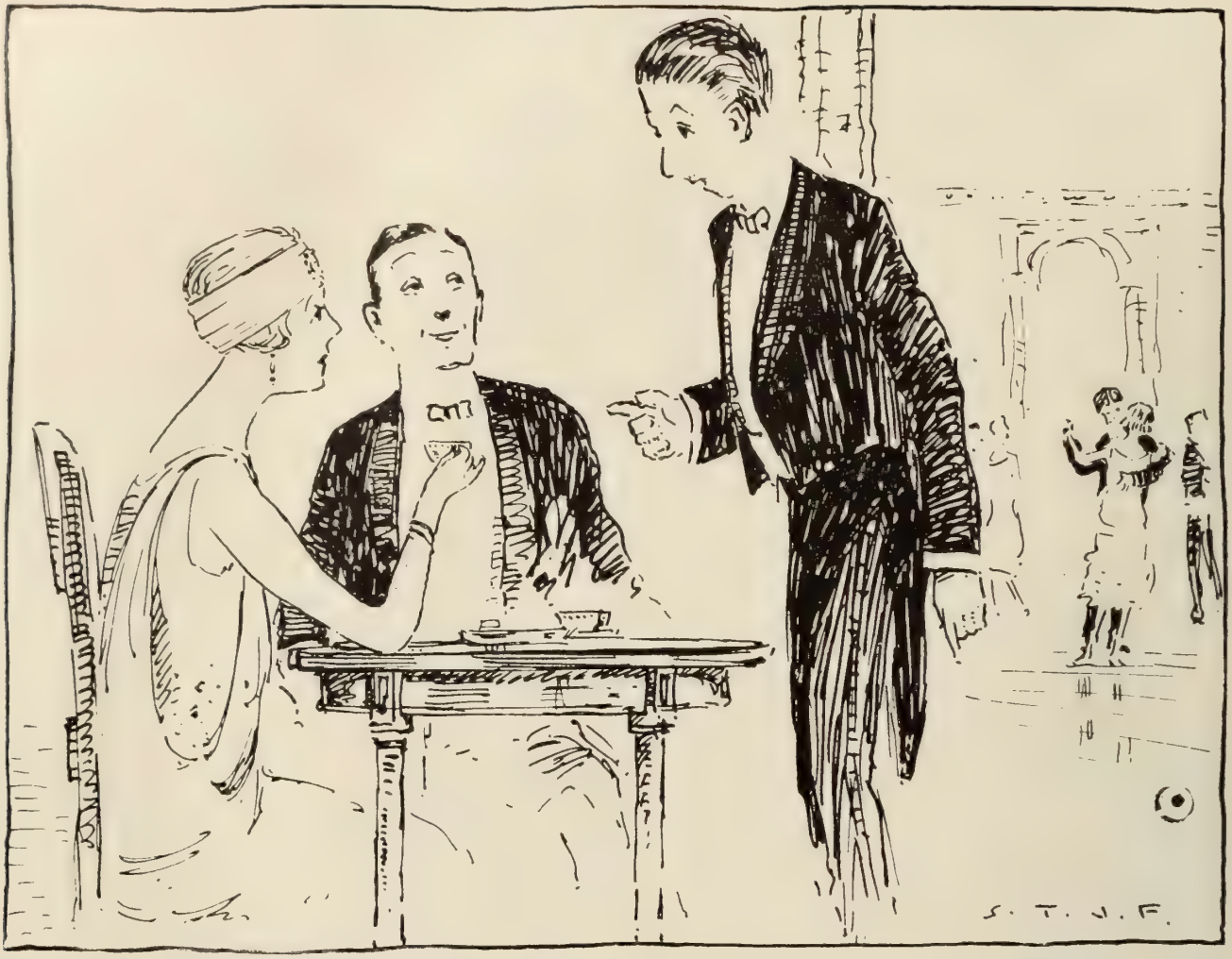
Editor automatically rejects 90 per cent. of contributions.

Editor hated to waste your stamped self-addressed envelope.

"The Editor, Heehaw Magazine."

—P. W. LUCE.

The Tie That Binds



"Is your programme full?"
"What, on one sandwich and a cup of coffee? I should say not!"

Terrible Antipathies

"Flanagan's my name. Good Irish name, eh!"

* * *

"MacGregor's my name. Good Scotch name, eh!"

* * *

"Well, Harry, are they keeping you busy these days?"

* * *

"Hello, Bill, what do you know?"

* * *

"Well, well, so this is Jack; why, I knew you when you were only so high!"

* * *

". . . . . must insist on remittance by return mail."

* * *

"Could you spare a five till next Saturday?"

"Now this is not going to hurt you —much."

* * *

"Standing Room Only."

* * *

Current Applesauce

By W. A. E. Moyer

"Your Honor, my car couldn't possibly go that fast."

"My dear, I never think of any other woman."

"I wear my skirts short because it makes walking easier.

"De ball sailed so far out from de plate I couldn't reach it with my bat, yet he calls a strike on me."

"Mother, if I had known you were going to wash the dishes I would certainly have done them myself."

"Your Honor, the prisoner, when I was arresting him, beat me up something terrible. I never thought of using my stick."

"My dear, Henry wanted to ask me to marry him a million times, but I always changed the subject. You are entirely welcome to Henry, I'm sure."

"My dear chap, it would give me the very greatest pleasure to lend you a tenner if I only had it, but believe me I've just got six dollars and eighty five cents on my entire person and that's got to do me the rest of the week, or I starve, that's all."

"Your 'anner, Oi was no more drunk than that cop who arristed me, was."

Excerpt from an Irish speech: "The Scotch are not yet, like us, ready for Home Rule but they are getting closer all the time!"

What Women Are Supposed to Think About Men

(1) That they are just great big over-grown boys.
(2) That they are all brutes.
(3) That they are inferior to women in the matter of intuition.
(4) That they are inferior to women in matters of good taste.
(5) That they are inferior to women.
(6) That they are very susceptible to feminine wiles.
(7) That they have to be managed.
(8) That they are selfish.
(9) That they are materialistic.
(10) That they are very untidy.
(11) That they smoke too much.
(12) That they are greedy.
(13) That they are conceited.

What women really think about men:
Nobody knows, least of all the women themselves.
—*Huron Barnes.*

* * * *

No, Clarinda, a powder magazine is not a cosmeticians' trade paper.

"Oh, Nanny, do finish the story of the Arabian nighties!"

"I want a new belt."
"How long?"
"I wanta buy it, ye dern fool, not borrow it!"

Chance Meeting

You sat opposite me
In the crowded street car
And your eyes that met mine
Were filled with a question
And an invitation.
Your eyes seemed to propound
An inevitable problem.
Oh, I could not avoid your eyes!
Asking, expecting, demanding!
So I rose and approached you
And said, "Mr. Figgs, I'll be in Monday to settle up that account." —*Villiers d'Anjou.*

* * * *

Conceit Unreasonable

I can't stand men who say "What ho!"
I can't stand ham, meringues, shad, roe.
I dislike Russian cigarettes;
I dislike losing football bets.
I hate all snakes and cornmeal mush;
I hate all literary slush.
I don't like boosters, boils or bats;
I don't like cocoanuts or rats.
I don't like Bolsheviks, new cheese,
The Income Tax or dimpled knees,
Or Wagner, or a dog that nuzzles,
Or fusel oil, or cross-word puzzles!
I don't like black, I don't like blue.
I don't like white, I DON'T LIKE YOU!
—*K. C.*

"I can't tell whether that's a deer or two men down there."
"Well, don't take any chances on it. Shoot anyway."

The Poet at Home

DESERTED

Lady, when you left me lone—
Was that the door-bell or the 'phone?
Did you think that I would sigh—
John, stop making Bobby cry!
Did you think that I would say—
Yes. I like your hair that way.
Dash it! Hang it! Lady when you—
Bobby, don't do that again you—
Little brat! Oh, lady, lady—
I won't hove one now thanks, Sadie.
Lady, when you left me lone—
Please turn off that gramophone.
When you broke our love's sweet fetter—
I forgot to post your letter.
Lady when—*I'm sorry dear!*
Lady,—*Yes, I have it here.*
Lady, had you left me lone—
Here, John, buy yourself a cone.
I would have a chance to write
Words descriptive of my plight,
Pen my sorrow, voice my tears,
Picture all the empty years,
Nights of sadness, tired and weary,
In some attic cold and dreary,
But, well. . . . . *Yes, you go to bed;*
I'll shake the furnace down instead!

—*Stephen Moon.*

The Real Explanation

They bore him gently into the hospital ward and put him in Bed 7. Having looked the heavily-bandaged, apparently unconscious man over, the other occupants of the ward began to speculate as to what had brought him there.

"He looks as if he had been in a boiler explosion," remarked Bed 2.

"More likely he was mixed up in an automobile smash," offered Bed 6.

Bed 9 scouted this theory. "By the looks of his hands, I'd say he worked in a factory and got caught in a piece of machinery."

Bed 4 made a sound of dissent. "No machinery done that to him. I'll bet he was excavatin' an' the earth fell in on him."

At this juncture, the newcomer stirred slightly and opened his eyes.

"You're all wrong," he said feebly: "I was trying to open a jar of preserved peaches for my wife."

—*R. K. Hall.*

* * *

Algernon is what might be called a busy little bee. First he called his girl "Honey" and then nectar.

* * *

Dot—"So she is marrying this penniless Russian aristocrat. How does he talk?"

Dash—"Oh, just broken English."

McGill halfback climbs the mast and heaves a forty yard pass from his own goal

Elected Captain.

Opposing tackles sieze midget quarter and make open-field run for two touchdowns. Crimson cheering section wild.

The Maroon quarterback - Krutsch - opens up a dazzling aerial attack blasting the big Orange hopes.

Head-linesman Ruffledazzer - former Wildcat star - picks up a fumble and races 80 yards for a touchdown.

After a beautiful run thru the Tiger team Bruer is brought to earth on the 2 yard line by the News photographer who wanted a picture of the winning scorer.

With the score 14-13 against his team Druell - the famous quadruple threat - refuses to play because the opposing full-back has called him a plumber.

jim taylor (critic)

The Six Best Plays of the Season

"M'lady, the library is on fire and I have telephoned Station Five of the fire brigade."
"Thank you, Gurney. I think you might invite the Station Four brigade to join in also!"

Help Wanted—Female

Women frequently complain that it is almost impossible to get household help now. This is mostly their own fault. They don't make their advertisements enticing enough. "WANTED —Good general servant with references, must be neat and willing, call mornings."

Does that stir the imagination? Does it arouse dim, romantic yearnings? It does not. No wonder maids are as scarce as hen's teeth and cooks as transient as ships that pass in the night.

A great deal can be learned from the advertisements that appear in magazines and newspapers. Particularly the advertisements of foreign cruises. These do appeal to the imagination, stimulate dim longings, and arouse strong desires. An advertisement modelled on one of these would be something like this:

CRUISE DE LUXE

(From Pantry to Sun-Parlor, via Kitchen, Living-Room, and Library, 243 Baxter Street, Silverwood.)

We have striven to make this cruise as fascinating, as intriguing as possible. Wonder-days among tinkling silver and gleaming crystal of the dining-room, long, luxurious hours among the rich upholstery of the living-room, dusting the same, and going over it with the vacuum cleaner, glamorous hours over the gleaming porcelain of the sink, manipulating the suds and fragile china, and revelling with dreamy languor in the enchantment of the steam . . . .

Do not wait. Heed the call of Romance *Now!*

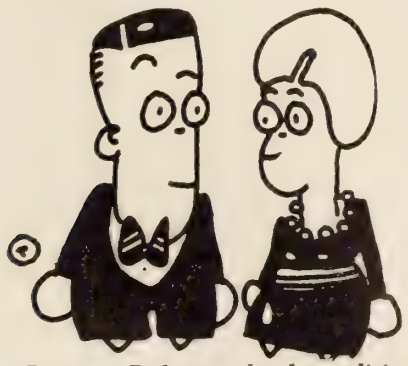
This cruise, of course, includes several smaller ones:

1. From Pantry to Baking-Cabinet, via Stove, Sink and Table. Working with spices and delicious fruits. The mystery and intoxicating aroma of the delicious East in every whiff!

2. From Bedroom to Living-Room, via Sun-Parlor and Library, with duster and furniture polish. Every moment a breathless delight.

3. From Clothes-Line to Ironing-Board, via Back Porch and Steps. The witchery of starch and crackling linen.

For further information, apply to Mrs. Dunstan Oldes, 243 Baxter Street. —*Lillian Robertson Hay.*



Doctor: Did you take the medicine as I prescribed?

Chorus Girl: Yes, it said "Shake well before using," so I always did a shimmy.

TWO ON THE AISLE

By J.E. McDOUGALL

In Which the Socialistic Idea is Completely Routed

"Yes, Johnny, I'll always love you!" the Most Wonderful Girl in the World was saying.

"Elsie," said Johnny, "My dear . . . . . "

But as he gazed into the eyes of his loved one he suddenly became aware of the fact that she had changed. Yes, distinctly. In fact, she had turned into a taxi-driver.

"That'll be twelve dollars and ninety cents," said the driver.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Johnny, and opened his eyes.

The sunlight that betokened a late hour shone into his bedroom and showed to the eyes of the slowly awakening one several things. A pair of trousers hung from a gas burner; a coat and vest graced the floor, while upon the mantel a shoe lay holding a bunch of violets after the manner of vases. Mr. Phillip's head throbbed with painful persistency.

"Let me see," he murmured to himself. "Just *what* happened?"

Slowly the sad series of Events Leading Up to the Tragedy pieced themselves together in his mind like a jig-saw puzzle whose completed design was a dismal scene. There had been the date with Elsie for the theatre; there had been the visiting brothers in town for to-day's big game, the greetings, the fat brother who produced the bottle, the toasts, the replies to the toasts, the visit to the Gamma Alpha house, the thin Gamma Alpha who had produced another bottle, the toasts, the replies, the suggestion to go down town, the restaurant, "themusicandthelightsandthelightsandthemusic," the fat man that was twins, the sudden realization that it was nine o'clock!

The drama gathered speed. The taxi driver who had taken him out to Elsie's had seemed a nice chap. He regaled Johnny with tales of the taxi-drivers' ball.

He had told Johnny that a girl who really loved a man wouldn't be angry if he did call at nine-thirty to take her to the theatre—not much. He and Johnny became great pals. Johnny climbed over into the front seat.

"You know," Johnny had said, "I think you're the best little taxi driver I ever knew. Got a nice little cap 'n' lots o' buttons on your suit 'n' a nice little car 'n' everything."

"Sure," said the taxi-driver.

"Y'know, I like you," said Johnny. "You're my sort. Come around to the house some day for lunch. Wanchu to meet the bros."

"Sure," said the taxi-driver.

The maid at Elsie's home regarded Johnny with suspicion and perhaps just the slightest trifle of distrust. She suggested he wait on the verandah. Johnny sat down in a large wicker chair. "Nice people, Elsie's father and mother," thought Johnny. "Got good taste in chairs. Know a comfort'ble chair when they see one. Nice comfortable . . . ."

The maid that tried to wake Johnny up wasn't very successful. Elsie's father, however, had an irresistible way with him. Johnny remembered later that there were seven distinct steps from the verandah to the ground.

"That's tough luck," said the taxi-driver.

"I don't care," said Johnny, "so long as you don't go back on me it's all right. Jes' shows you, you can't trust a woman. A man's bes' friend is his taxi-driver with a cap an' buttons an' everything. We men gotta stick t'gether."

"Sure," said the taxi-driver.

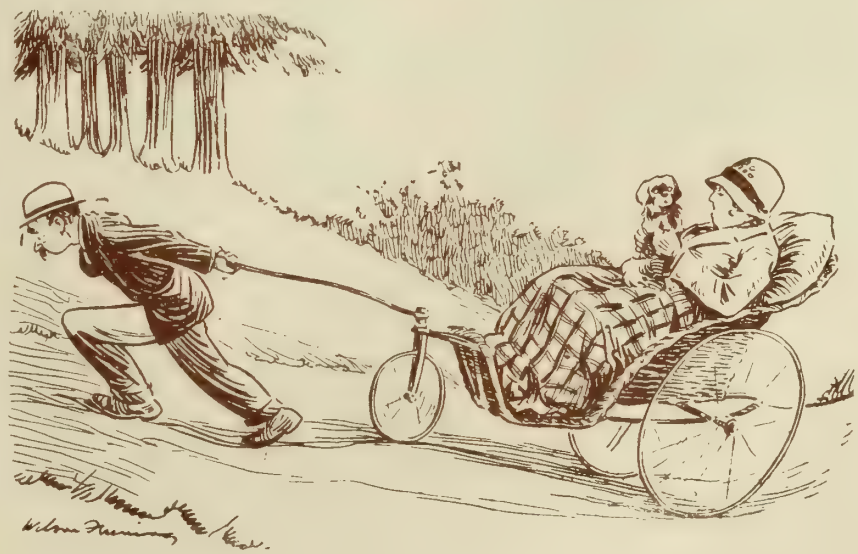
"Gotta share an' share alike!"

"You said it, buddy!"

"Let's you'n I share an' share alike."

"Sure," said the taxi-driver.

(Continued on page 22)



"Now, Peachie, you must be a little gentleman and get down and walk up the hill to make it easier for Master!"

(Continued from page 21)

"Awright," said Johnny. "Fifty-fifty, see? I got two handkerchiefs here; you take one an' I'll take the other. Let's divvy up on everything."

Johnny divvied up on everything he could think of. The taxi-driver told him he could keep both his shoes. He said he'd do his divvying later.

"Now look here," said Johnny, "Looka these two tickets for 'Mama's Sugar Papa.' How about it?"

"Sure," said the taxi-driver.

As they rode through the brightly lit streets Johnny slumbered peacefully on the driver's shoulder. An unusually bright glare awoke him.

"Here we are," he said. "Now we gotta park th' li'l taxicrab 'n' everything'll be hotsy-totsy."

The parking station proprietor was a little astonished but Johnny paid in advance—for about six weeks' parking.

They entered the theatre and stood for a minute at the back. On stage several ladies of surpassing beauty were declaring their intention of Charlestoning back to Charleston. They had already started when the two newcomers, lending a distinctly new and powerful atmosphere to the show arrived at their seats.

"Two on the aisle," said Johnny.

"Sure," said the driver.

Johnny went to sleep. As far as he could recall he had stayed asleep until this morning when he awoke in his bed. Perhaps it was all a horrible nightmare. Better find out.

The way Elsie hung up on being called completely routed the dream theory. Better get dressed, thought Johnny. The difficulty in finding his front collar button was explained when he remembered giving it to the driver during the communistic episode. The same accounted for the loss of one cuff stud, one glove, half a necktie, the top of a fountain pen and a great deal of time and temper.

Johnny sat on the edge of his bed. Tragedy was a new role for him and he didn't exactly crave it. Here was the day of *the* game of the year; he had lined up all night for two seats on the centre aisle in the grandstand; the house was throwing a tea dance afterward and the most wonderful girl in the world was breaking her date at the last moment. Great clouds of gloom came out of the corners and settled on his shoulders. He had to think fast. He telephoned again but the voice at the other end of the line said Miss Thompson preferred not to speak with him. He had an inspiration, he telephoned the telegraph company. He wired Elsie.

"TERRIBLE REMORSE WILL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY TO PROVE REGRET."

An hour later the boy brought a reply:

"THANKS SUGGEST YOU CEASE BOTHERING ME."

The boy took back his second plea:

"ELSIE DARLING FORGIVE FORGET MY ROADSTER YOUR HOUSE TWO P. M."

Her answer was not encouraging:

"SPREADING BROKEN GLASS ON OUR STREET BETTER STAY AWAY."

He tried once more:

"WILL YOU COME TO GAME."

She replied:

"NO."

The florist near Elsie's home received a large order for American beauties that afternoon; the candy

(Continued on page 31)

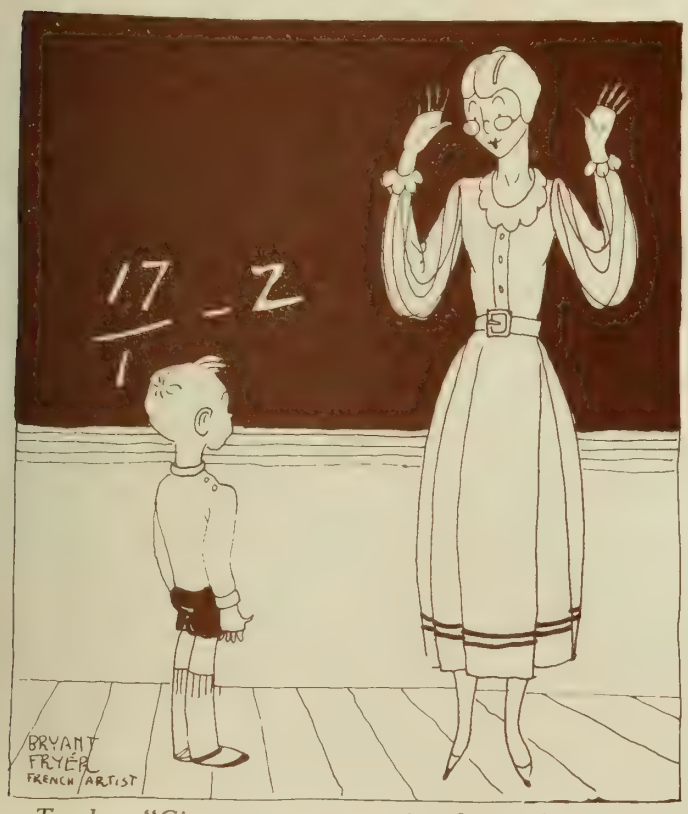
Customer: "I don't quite know what I want, but it must be something suitable for a birthday present."

Shopwalker: "Well, Sir, we say that this store can supply anything from a pin to an elephant."

Customer: "Well, perhaps you could show me something between the two."

On Human Frailties and Bright Topped Frails

It's wonderful, it's tragic, and I don't know why,
But the greatest of the greatest men—and even I,
Have weaknesses that get them,
And worry them and fret them,
And make their lives confusions when they should be pie.
Achilles and his fatal heel, to mention but a single
Example, and there's Samson, with his fondness for the shingle,
And a thousand others—but
My examples must be cut
If I'd tell you of my weakness in this execrable jingle.
Oh it's wonderful, it's tragic, and I don't know why,
But from infancy to eld you could throw me for a try
With the charms of auburn tresses;
Coats, complexions, forms or dresses
Pass uncriticized if henna strikes my eye.
Slow girls, fast girls, pretty girls and homely;
Black eyes, brown eyes, short, tall, thin,
Long necks, thick necks, low brows, high,
Small toes, large toes, toes turned in,
Lips made to laugh and sing, lips made to sigh,
Lips made for kisses and for lipstick only;
Flowers of the wall,
Anything at all,
Good complexions, bad complexions, freckles, speckles, rash,
Put 'em under red hair—listen for the crash—
I—fall!
Various and many, and passing count or ken,
Are the ways of making asses of the sons of men,
But the man once bitten
Has usually a mitten
Exceptionally arctic when the trick appears again.
While I—and here's the weakness that has filled my days with strife
And mortgaged my piano, and divorced my wife—
Can be a fool to-day
In the selfsame way
I was last year, yesterday, and all my blooming life.
And the proofs, if you should doubt me (as I fear you'll not)
Would be rather overcrowded in a large town lot,
And in half of them you'd find
A red tress intertwined,
And a painful little story which is well forgot.
Oh it's wonderful, it's tragic, but the years go by,
And you still with great facility could throw me for a try,
With the charms of auburn tresses,
And I'll give you seven guesses,
Or eleven or a thousand if you'll tell me why:
But slow girls, fast girls, pretty girls and homely,
Black eyes, brown eyes, short, tall, thin,
Long necks, thick necks, low brows, high,
Small toes, large toes, toes turned in,
Lips made to laugh and sing, lips made to sigh,
Lips made for kisses and for lipstick only;
Flowers of the wall,
Anything at all,
Good complexions, bad complexions, freckles, speckles, rash,
Put 'em under red hair—listen for the crash—
I—fall! —*J. Schull.*



Teacher: "Give me a sentence using the word 'writhe'."
Bright Pupil: "I writhe every morning at seven o'clock."

The Pup (surveying new window box): "Well, they'll have to get a bigger garden than this if they want me to bury my bones in it."

FOUR SLAIN!

WHILE THOUSANDS WATCHED IN HORROR, H. Gruyere Stilton snapped just after his election as Head Cheese at the butter and egg men's convention. His brother, Cheddar, on the left, stood up for him. All Limburger is said to be very strong for him.

LOVE NEST!

"BUTTERMILK BATHS is my secret," says beautiful Daphne Delight, Miss America entrant for East Podunk, Ill. "And I never go in for the riotous fast life indulged in by others."

GOVERN
taken just

SIRENS' LURE!

"LOVE PIRATES" is what the police call Gustave Blitz and Henri Gefulte, caught in police dragnet. They blame Prohibition and the Big Interests for their downfall. "I will abide by the will of the people," said Henri.

DEATH CAR!

THESE INMATES of the Old Ladies' Home are all up in the air over their annual ping-pong a

SCANDAL!

STAFF of patent medicine testers on lawn of parliament buildings, testing reducing and developing remedies.

KIDNAPPED!

I. GOTTEM, winner of Pixie, the cute little white elephant in a local paper's triplet contest. The happy father is seen just after receiving news of the arrival of his third set of triplets.

RESCUED!

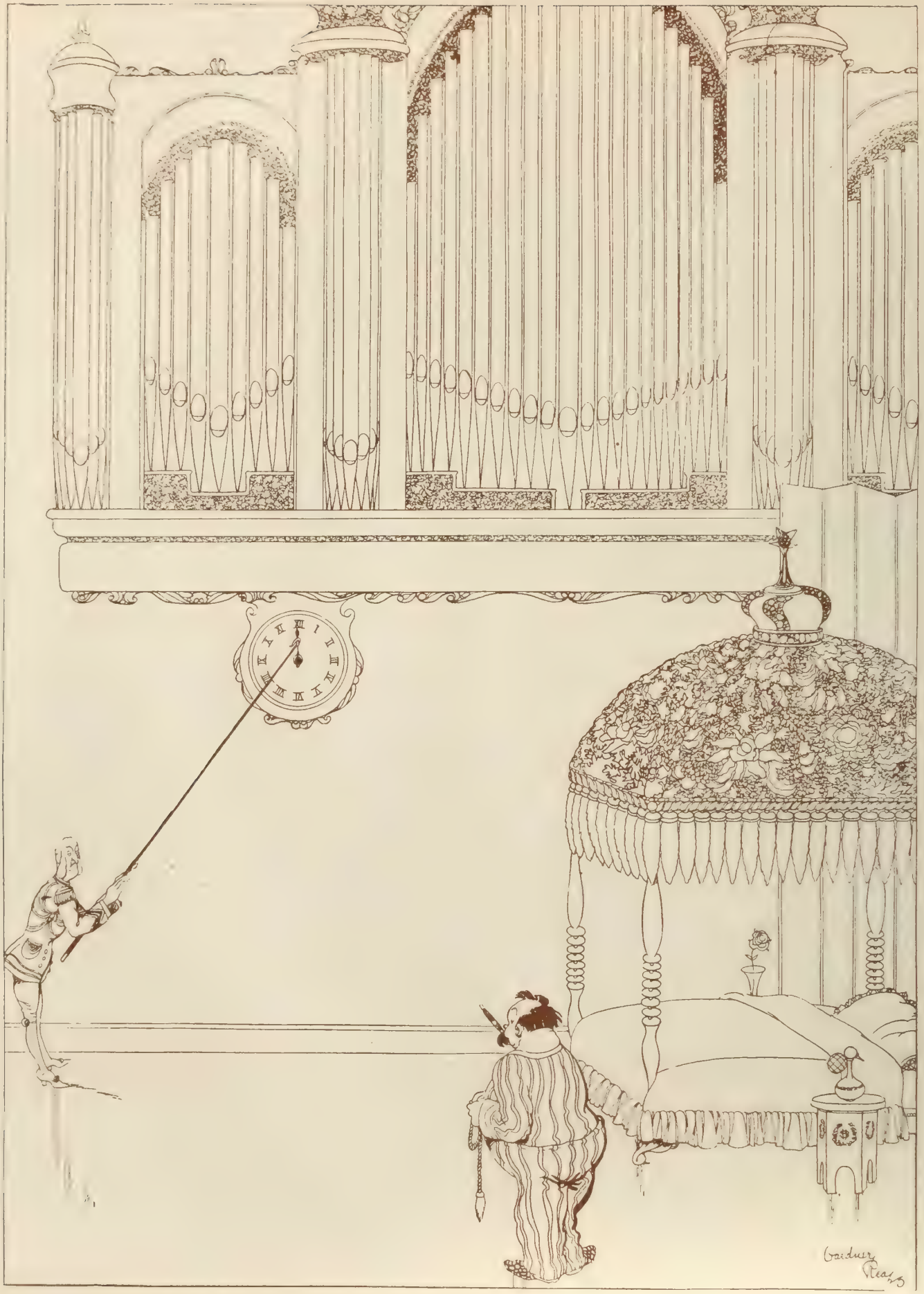
MONTEREY Q. JOHNSON, who indignantly denies that he is in receipt of money from the U.S.A., to form a Klavern of the Ku Klux Klan here.

SUICIDE PACT!

SOCIETY FROLICS at gay nuptials. Carriage at the home of the bride at the Dotten-Carey wedding, waiting to rush away the happy pair. Note the handsome luggage supplied by the groom's father, who is a big figure in Detroit-Windsor mercantile marine circles.

DIVORCED!

C. A. HEAD, the well-known election prophet who won $3,000.00 on the recent election. Specially posed photo of Mr. Head two days after the results were announced.



"Just set the organ for ten, Jenkins, I gotta be up early, t'morra." —*New Yorker.*

We Want Men

with tough, wiry beards to challenge this

Let us send you free a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream which softens the toughest beard in one minute!

MEN claim that Palmolive Shaving Cream will soften the toughest beard in one minute.

No finger rubbing—hot water or cold, hard water or soft.

That's a broad statement, we'll agree.

You may doubt it. But, if true, you want that kind of shaving.

Let us give you a 10-day tube free. Find out for yourself. We believe we'll win you, no matter how firmly you are wedded to a rival preparation.

NEW Principles

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a newcomer in its field . . . yet, to-day the leader.

Millions of men have quit old ways and adopted this new shaving joy.

Probably 80% of its users were boosters for other makes of cream.

All were won over by the test we now offer you. "Don't buy—yet," we urge you. Put the proof burden on us.

60 years of soap study stand behind this creation . . . made by the makers of Palmolive Soap.

130 formulas were discarded before we found the right one.

1,000 men told us their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Only by great effort did we meet them.

New principles were required. New laboratory methods and experiments.

Palmolive Shaving Cream thus is different from any other you have known.

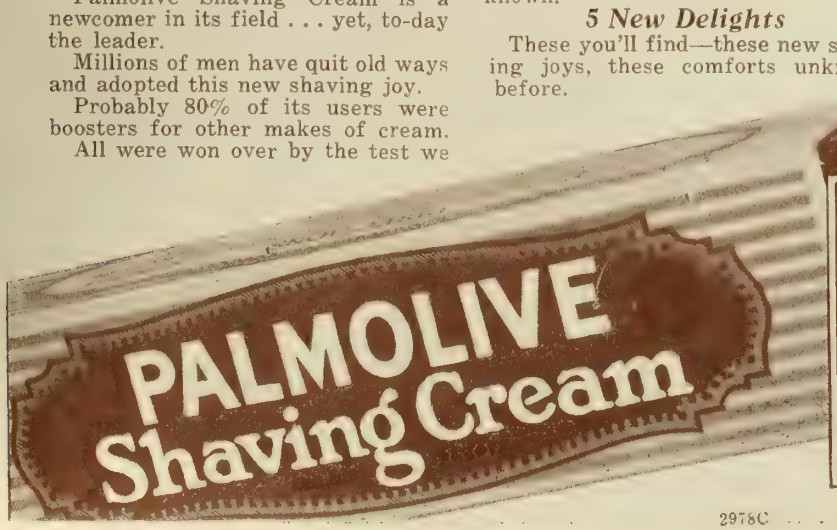
5 New Delights

These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before.

1 **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**
2 **Softens the beard in one minute.**
3 **Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.**
4 **Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.**
5 **Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.**

10 Shaves Free

Now in fairness to us, and in justice to yourself, clip the coupon before you forget. Find out whether the whole world is wise in changing to a new way in beard softening.



10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

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GOBLIN'S LIMERICK CONTEST

Anyone Can Compete

Prizes

First Prize: $20.00 if winner is a subscriber to GOBLIN, or if he sends in a subscription with his answer, $10.00 if not a subscriber.

Five Prizes of $2.00 to subscribers or $1.00 to non-subscribers.

Subscriptions may be sent in with answers by using the form below.

Rules

(1) Contestants positively MUST be over two years of age, sane, or nearly so, and sober at the time of writing.

(2) Last lines must be in our hands by Nov. 22nd.

(3) Results will be published in the December number of GOBLIN.

(4) Members of the firm may not win prizes and all that sort of thing.

Two golfers one beautiful day
Went out on the golf-links to play,
"I just holed out in one,"
Said one son-of-a-gun

. . . . . .

Supply the missing last line!

Five other prizes of one or two dollars each (see rules of contest) go to the authors of the following last lines:

1. *"Take a ride in the hearse—Slew him down!"*
   Sent in by M. J. Carey, 97 27th Ave. West, Vancouver, B.C.

2. *"Yes, when Henry brings aeroplanes down."*
   Sent in by F. J. Lyle, Acton, Ont.

3. *"And then pay our fines or go down?"*
   Sent in by J. A. Guymer, 45 Wilson Ave., London, Ont.

4. *"He's a speed cop I'll bet, for the crown."*
   Sent in by C. M. Waltham, 282 Emma St., Sarnia, Ont.

5. *'You're a wise-acre some dentist should crown."*
   Sent in by M. B. Murray, Suite 114, Ellis Park Apts., 2001 Bloor West, Toronto.

Honourable mention also goes to:

A. C. Dand,
22 Delaware Ave.,
Toronto, 4.

F. A. Sutherland,
37 Rosehill Ave.,
Toronto.

K. L. Wilson,
Bank of Montreal,
Georgetown, Ont.

F. H. Stevens,
1101 Nicola St.,
Vancouver, B.C.

Mary L. Mark,
419 Brant St.,
Woodstock, Ont.

H. J. Sparrow,
220 Colborne St.,
Orillia, Ont.

Miss Molly Porter,
24 Pine Crescent,
Toronto.

R. A. Sheehy,
397½ George St.,
Peterboro, Ont.

E. Bayly,
32 Murray St.,
Toronto.

W. Jacobi,
110 Walmer Rd.,
Toronto.

F. McConnell,
Milton, Ont.

W. H. Reilly,
451 Claremont Ave.,
Westmount, P.Q.

G. S. Mothersill,
254 O'Connor St.,
Ottawa, Ont.

Last Month's Awards

Last month's supply of intelligent commentaries on real estate deals should effectively discourage land sharks for all time. The winner of last month's contest is Lt.-Col. C. E. Morgan, 91 Park Avenue, Brantford, Ont., for the following last line:

A real estate agent named Brown,
Sold lots twenty miles from the town,
"Only half an hour's ride;"
But his customers cried:
"When we feel like a swim we'll run down."

GOBLINS LTD., 272 Bay St., Toronto.

Dear Sirs:
Enclosed find $..... for .....year's subscription to Canada's National Humorous Monthly.

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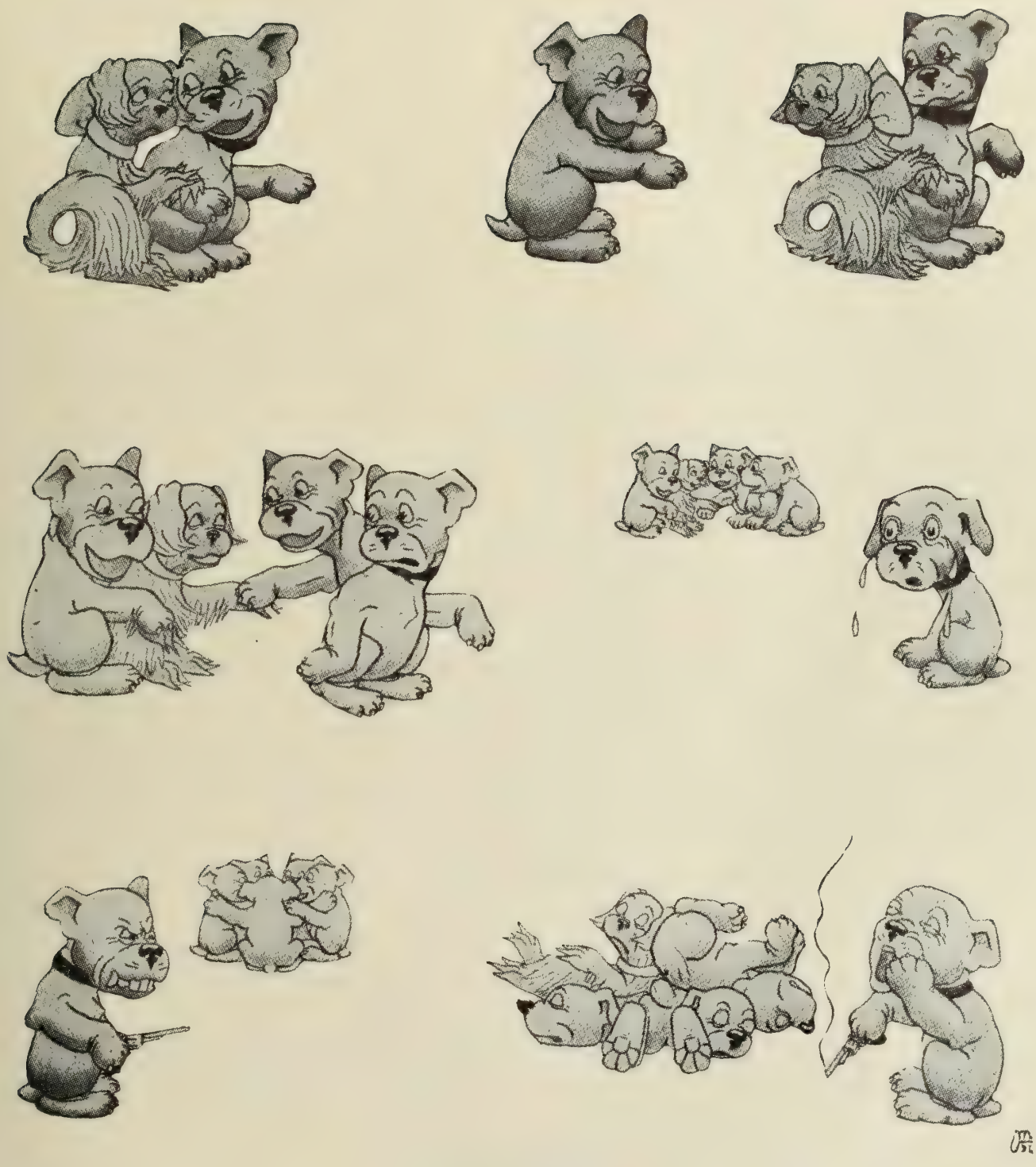

REVENGE!

—Yale Record.

"Do you mind if I take your wife out to dinner?"
"Not at all."
"And, oh, I say, will you lend me a ten spot?" —*New Yorker.*

Ship Ahoy

John (after first night on board)—"I say, old chap, where have my clothes gone?"

Steward—"Where did you put them, sir?"

John—"In the little cupboard there, with the glass door."

Steward—"I'm sorry, sir, but that ain't no cupboard, sir, that's a port-hole." —*Punch Bowl.*

* * *

Slightly Dazed

Speaking of white mule, two rustic sports were uncertainly flivvering their way home from the county seat.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wancha to be very careful. First thing y'know you'll have us in a ditch."

"Me," said Bill in astonishment. "Why, I thought you was driving."

—*Jester.*

* * *

"I'm offering a prize for the laziest man in college and I think you will win it."

"All right. Roll me over and put it in my back pocket." —*Exchange.*

All Wet

Applicant: "How much do I get for doing the weeping act in this show?"

Manager: "Thirty-five cents an hour."

Appl.: "What? For crying out loud!" —*Royal Gaboon.*

* * *

Dancing, like milk, strengthens the calf. —*Widow.*

* * *

"All that I have, I owe to that woman."

"Your wife?"

"No, my landlady."

—*Moonshine.*

* * *

Judge—"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner—"Not guilty, yer honor. I was not drunk, I was drugged."

Officer O'Flannigan—"Yes, yer honer, he wiz drugged. I drugged him through the hull park."

—*W. Va. Moonshine.*

Still Life

Son: "Mother, who put the statue under the kitchen sink?"

Mother: "Sssh, sonny, don't make any noise. That's the plumber."

—*Chapparral.*

* * *

What do they do,—Redecorate?

—*Octopus.*

'29—"Where can I find a haystack?"
'26—"What in the world do you want with one?"
'29—"A Sophomore just sent me for a needle." —*Froth.*

Two on the Aisle

(Continued from page 22)

store was commissioned to get their largest and most elaborate box from beneath the counter and fill it with their most tempting dainties. Johnny sighed when he thought of the inevitable reckoning. But it was worth it. There never was another girl like Elsie and there never would be. It was essential that she come to the game.

By noon there was no word from Elsie. Johnny thought hard and fast. He had but one card left. Elsie's friend Kathleen was all that Elsie wasn't. She was clumsy; she was plain; she sang in your ear while dancing and she was sentimental. She envied Elsie and Johnny with no mean envy. Poison ivy was infinitely more attractive in Johnny's estimation. Nevertheless, Elsie liked her, and it was a time for strong measures. He telephoned her.

"Kathleen," he said, "I've got tickets for the theatre next week and I was just wondering if you'd care to come along."

"Oh, you dear man!" exclaimed Kathleen. Johnny made a face at himself in the mirror. "Of course, I'd *love* to come. It's really too sweet of you!"

They chatted on for a few minutes. That is to say, Kathleen did.

"By the way," said Johnny, "if you'd like to do me a good turn I wish you'd ring up Elsie. I pulled a bloomer with her the other night and now she won't go to the game with me this afternoon. Won't you give her a call and talk sense to her?"

Kathleen would and did. Elsie relented. The great campaign had come to a successful conclusion. Johnny turned a perfect handspring when Elsie's voice five minutes later told him that all was forgiven.

As Johnny adjusted his most collegy tie he reached for his tickets.

"Two on the aisle," he crooned to himself, "and what a sweet time getting them!"

One of the tickets was missing.

* * *

The taxi-driver enjoyed the game.

* * *

St. Elite

Sunday morning. New York is going to church.

Leisurely, yet swiftly, the parade forms; silk-hatted, frock-coated, ultimately correct; for once, the Male takes his share of attention in the March of the Sexes. What is it the old poet said: "God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world"?

"Tea Time"

What a delightful institution is Afternoon Tea! How satisfying to soul and body to sit in congenial company while you consume crisp lettuce sandwiches, golden-brown buttered toast, crunchy macaroons, cake,—and cups of delicious, full-flavored Salada Tea!

"SALADA"

H568

". . . *and they say the market is due for a boom, too* . . ."

Furred and flowered, Paquined and Worthed, transparently and invisibly hosed; heliotrope and orchids; alluring, entrancing are the ladies. Swish, swish, tap, tap, each on the arm of him chosen above all others.

"Whom God hath joined together let no man . . ."

". . . *fifty thousand counsel fees alone, my dear, and* . . ."

The church. Warmly hospitable, calmly cool, House of God. Voices hushed at the door. Swirl of draperies

(Continued on page 46)

Try this Recipe!

Then write for our latest Recipe Book — free. It tells you how CROWN BRAND—besides being a delicious table syrup—can be used in cooking to make many appetizing dishes.

CORN GEMS

1 pint Cornmeal, 1½ cups Flour, 1 teaspoon Soda, 2 Eggs, 1 teaspoon Salt, 1 pint Buttermilk, 1¼ tablespoons Crown Brand Syrup, ¼ cup Benson's Cornstarch, 2 teaspoons Baking Powder, ¼ cup Mazola

Sift dry ingredients together. Add Crown Brand Syrup and beaten egg to buttermilk and mix quickly with dry ingredients. Cut in the Mazola last. Bake in gem pans oiled with Mazola.

EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
CORN SYRUP
A Friend of the Family

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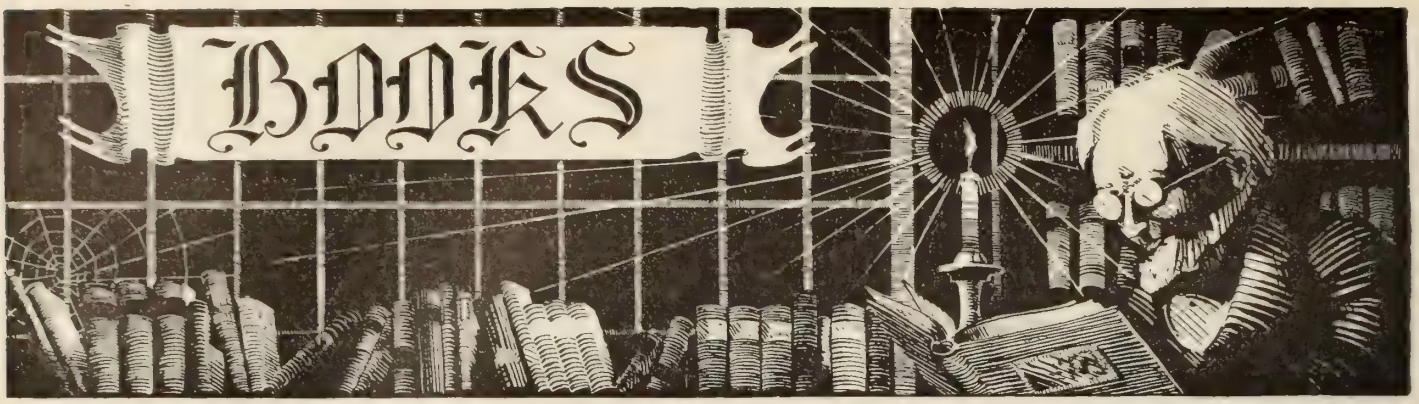
The CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED—MONTREAL



DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. By Fred Jacob. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Here is another body blow at the inferiority complex which apparently grips Canadians when books by our own writers are under discussion. We have waited so long for The Great Canadian Novel that this ephemeral book has become so idealized that it can never appear. Or when it does appear will pass unrecognized.

"Day Before Yesterday" is a fine picture of village life in the 'eighties in Ontario. It is not "an epic of the soil," or "one of those books it is everyone's duty to read," nothing so uninteresting as that. To read "Day Before Yesterday" is the duty of no one but it will be the pleasure of many. It is not The Great Canadian Novel, but it is one of them.

City-bred, we picked up "Day Before yesterday with certain misgivings, but reading, became aware of a background to the social life of the Dominion of which we were largely ignorant. Here is a drama of plausible events and homely people told with a rare charm and authenticity. The characterization is the triumph of the novel while the faithfully recalled atmosphere of a vanished generation has lent romance to the picture. And what fine characterization it is! Harper Loftus, the straightforward, conscientious father, Clara Glint, the pretty, brainless little flirt who tasted tragedy, the villainous George Lytton, with his fascinating silken beard and his "classic" speeches, cantankerous old Henrietta Glint, plucky young Robert Herndon, all have stepped down out of their daguerreotypes to react a story that must at some time have been fact.

Perhaps the outstanding and commendable feature of the book is the restraint employed by Mr. Jacob both with regard to the plot and his style. This restraint is, we believe, the most potent factor in the achievement of realism in a novel which is essentially romantic.

As a member of the younger generation we must protest the unfavorable light in which Mr. Jacob places us when we compare the prologue with the book proper and in sundry digs we receive from time to time during the course of the narrative. We must believe there are as fine men and women living to-day as then and that even these children of to-day's age of jazz and unrestraint will not degenerate too hopelessly. However, the reflections strike home.

It is to be hoped that this novel will enlarge greatly Mr. Jacob's readers who have followed his dramatic and literary criticisms in the Toronto Mail and Empire.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER. By H. G. Wells. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, Publishers, $2.00.

Whatever else may be said about H. G. Wells, it is always evident that he is seldom surpassed when it is a case of spinning a narrative with the least possible apparent effort. It is when he stops or stays behind to moralize, prophecy or theosophize that he frequently becomes tedious.

"Christina Alberta's Father," or as it was first titled "Sargon, King of Kings" is an unusual and intriguing story when it concerns itself with the modern and active girl, Christina Alberta, and her struggle with environment and when it tells of Mr. Preemby himself, the self-effacing little nobody to whom came the great revelation that he was Sargon, King of Kings. Wells makes Mr. Preemby and his amazing adventures at once amusing and pitiful. At one moment you are laughing at the absurd little man and his ridiculous attempt to remold the world; at the next we are sympathizing with him in his pathetic faith.

So far the novel is something of the promised return to the old and well-loved Wells of his earlier books. When Sargon dies that Wells departs with him and we are treated to a large helping of theorizing on the subject of Sargonism: briefly, that in each of us lies through inheritance the blood of the great rulers, that to each of us, reincarnations as we are in some measure of these great ones, comes the duty to rule the world from our own small sphere. Outside of the interesting speculations on the ancestors of all of us, this part of the book fails to sustain the interest so potently engaged by the narrative proper. It seems an unnecessary epilogue.

Christina Alberta, herself, runs away with the novel to some extent, but we can have no quarrel with Wells on that score. We liked her.

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Toronto: The Musson Book Company, Ltd.

One young lady, known to the reviewer, took to teaching Sunday School as a result of reading this. Apart from the fact that the author's style is thoroughly annoying, it is a nice little story about a young man who thought he had a purpose in life, and went about looking for it. He finally has a revelation of what it is to be, and the end of the book finds him driving off in a caravan to preach his gospel, while the girl he loves watches his lantern vanish over the hill and all that sort of thing.

All Books Reviewed in Goblin Obtainable at

The Little Shop 'Round the Corner
1184 Bay Street
(Just below Bloor)

A lending library of more interesting titles. A fascinating Gift Shop.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. By Willa Cather. Toronto: The Macmillan Publishing Company.

There is still hope for present-day literature while Willa Cather continues to write. "The Professor's House" is a thoroughly charming and whimsical study of a man who is not understood by his family, who lacks spiritual companionship, and who, with his beloved work on Spanish Adventurers completed, finds life gradually closing in upon him. All the characters, the professor's wife, his daughters and sons-in-law, and the figure of Tom Outland, who had so strangely influenced their lives, are drawn with an extraordinary subtlety. Altogether a book one can read over again in years to come.

LOW LIFE. A Comedy in One Act. By Mazo de la Roche. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

An amusing playlet which is exceedingly suitable for little theatre use and should prove a favorite with amateurs. "Low Life" was submitted simultaneously to two competitions; one, that of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, and the other held by the Dramatic Section of the Montreal branch of the Canadian Authors' Association. It won first prize in both competitions.

THE KHAN'S BOOK OF VERSE. By Robert Kirkland Kernighan. Toronto: The Evening Telegram, Publishers. $1.50.

Here is represented in book form some of the favorite selections of the Khan, whose works emanating from the famous "Wigwam" at Rockton, Ont., have become known and loved by thousands of Canadians.

His is the task of singing the popular song and if to some at times there seems perhaps a little too much of the jingo or the Pollyanna, it gives us still a splendid opportunity to thank the powers that be, when we compare our Poet of the People with Eddie Guest and his like across the border.

Many of the selections, especially those dealing with rural Canadian life are gems of the first water and the book as a whole is assured in advance of wide popularity. The atmosphere throughout is, whatever our high-brow friends may say, distinctively Canadian. And that's a lot these days. His now famous "Men of the Northern Zone" heads the book. A splendid gift book.

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Headache	Neuralgia	Colds	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
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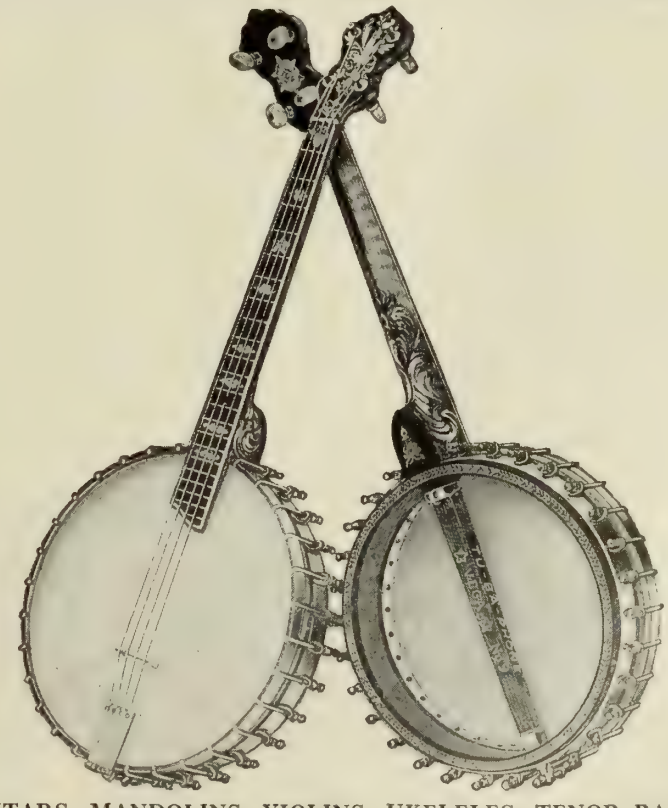

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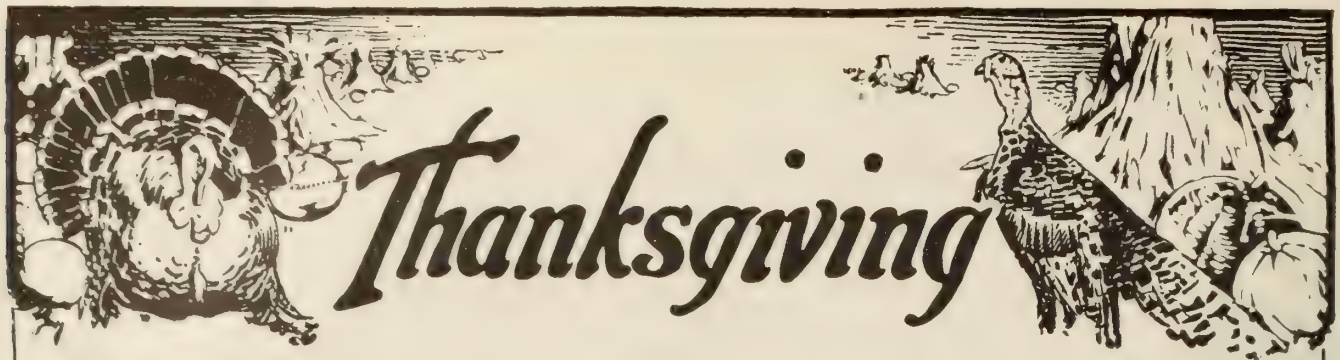

Thanksgiving

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These Candies are Sold only by Specially Selected Agents ~ Whose Stocks are dependably Fresh ~

MOTHER: Jacqueline, pull down your skirt!

JACKIE: But mother, I'm not a bit cold.

—*Beanpot.*

* * *

Judge—"You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?"

Intelligent Witness—"The dog."

—*Lampoon.*

FIRST PROUD LITTLE LADY: My father's a banker.

SECOND PROUD LITTLE LADY: That's nothing— my father's a bankrupt.

—*Punch.*

* * *

Insobriety and in society are often synonymous terms.

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

Speed and Economy

You can strop a Valet AutoStrop blade to super-keenness quicker than you can insert a new blade in another razor.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

Reg. in Canada

$5, up to $25; other models at lower prices

73

"I think Mrs. Simpson is such a sweet-looking little woman."

"I don't like her very well, either."

—*Life.*

* * *

FIRST LADY (after the row): I wonder if I'll lose my looks, too, when I'm your age.

SECOND LADY: You'll be lucky if you do.

—*Weekly Telegraph (London.)*

* * *

Descriptive

An old sailor, being asked to white his impressions of a cannibal people he had visited, wrote the following:

Manners—None.

Customs—Nasty.

—*Brown Jug.*

* * *

Would you like to go with me to the apiary this afternoon?"

"Yes, you adorable boy. I've always adored monkeys."

—*Record.*

* * *

"I am half inclined to kiss you."

"How stupid of me. I thought you were round shouldered."

—*Gargoyle.*

Correct These Sentences

1. Do sit still, mother, and let me do the dishes.

2. I told Jim I'd rather stay home than go any place to-night.

3. Are you sure you haven't any sox for me to darn?

4. Here's a hundred for the evening, son; more if you need it.

5. Professor, why don't you assign longer lessons?

6. No, I'm never hungry after a dance; let's go home.

7. No, Stella's a nice old-fashioned girl; just your type.

8. Oh, I think written examinations are just perfect, don't you?

9. I wish I had cold sores oftener.—*Awgwan.*

* * *

"I hang my head in shame every time I see the family wash in the back yard."

"Oh, do they?"

—*Froth.*

* * *

Flub: "I was in Tokio when the earthquake occurred."

Dub: "So was I."

Both: "Shake."

—*Yellow Crab.*

* * *

"A little leak," says the old proverb, "will sink a great ship." And may Beanie add "will make a Newspaper lead story too."

—*Beanpot.*

The fascinating Department of Agriculture says that there are 400,000,000 chickens in the United States, and that they would make a parade 100,000 miles long. Let the department be warned that, if it does any such thing, a lot of spectators, after the first few thousand miles of it, are going to say it is monotonous.

* * *

"I see by the papers," writes Janet, "that Miss Ederle will do some magazine writing. I know. For the Swimmin's Home Companion."

—*F. P. A. in the New York World.*

* * *

First Old Man—My kid has a lot of trouble with his home work.

Second Old Man—Why don't you buy him an encyclopedia?

First Old Man—Oh, he gets enough exercise all right, it's not that.

—*Purple Cow.*

* * *

"Hello!"

"I BEG your pardon! You've made a mistake."

"Aren't you the little girl I kissed at the party last night?"

"Must have been sister. She's sick."

—*Tiger.*

* * *

Hoot, Hoot, Hoot

Mrs. McTaggart—"Hoots! Dinna fash yourself, McTaggart! 'Twas a bad shillin' I gave him!"

The McTaggart—"A bad shilling! Ma conscience—sic extravagance! Wuman, had ye no a bad saxpence?"

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

For over 100 years, Dack's have been making highest quality shoes for men exclusively.

Dack's LIMITED

Shoes for Men

(from maker to wearer)

Every Dack shoe is made in our own workshops and only sold direct to the wearer by mail or at our shops.

We will gladly mail you our newest style book on request — proper fit assured.

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BURGER'S CANDIES

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(over Tamblyn's)

Where Home-Cooked Meals Are Daintily Served in Cozy Home-Like Surroundings.

Separate Smoking Room

SHOPPING in TORONTO with GOBLIN

Shopping districts the world over are holding their breath in expectancy before that annual phenomenon known as the Christmas shopping rush. Everywhere the weeks are being counted till December the 25th. Soon it will be a matter of days, and those who do their shopping in Toronto would do well to be a little beforehand this year.

To very few is given leisure sufficient to pick and choose for an extended period. Most people are forced to make a rather hurried business of it, and with these in mind a hint or two as to where a suitable gift is sure to be found may be considered timely.

For the man there will be found at Dack's the latest and most attractive selections in men's hosiery for the colder weather. The woman who shops for her husband will do well to realize that in either of the Dack stores one avoids the chance of buying that which might be unsuitable, since conservative masculine taste dictates the choice of Dack's hosiery. The boots and shoes of this house need no recommendation as they have been known to discriminating men too long to require amplification here.

Established almost a century ago, the Holt, Renfrew Company is to-day not only the largest fur manufacturer in Canada, but also the largest Canadian exporter of fine furs, and operates retail stores in Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, and Quebec, and largely because of the tremendous scope of this business, it is in an exceptional position to offer a fine range of the best quality furs. For the debutante daughter no gift wins appreciation so successfully as that of a fur coat, and here are to be found seal, muskrat, caracul and dark-toned raccoon coats that charm the eye and afford the very best protection for the cold days to come. A dozen and one articles suitable for smaller gifts are also to be found, such as chokers, ranging from $10.00 up. Some extremely attractive and dainty French handkerchiefs were observed.

THIS Christmas, prized above all other gifts will be her new fur coat. That is, if it bears a Holt, Renfew label.

Holt, Renfrew & Company Limited

Adelaide and Yonge
TORONTO

THE DIET KITCHEN TEA ROOMS

72 and 80 WEST BLOOR ST.

BREAKFAST
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DINNER

Sunday night supper will be served in Annex until 9.30

Telephone:
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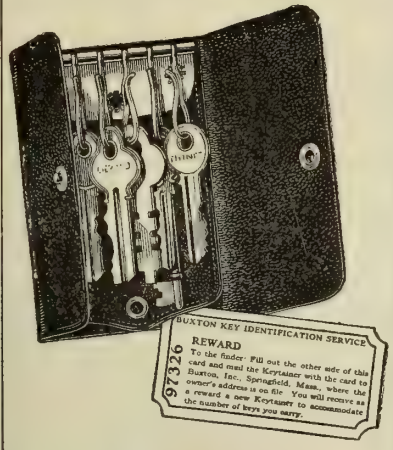
"JULIAN SALE"



BUXTON KEYTAINERS

NO MORE worry over lost keys for the person who provides himself with a *Buxton Keytainer!* A neat little leather case that keeps all your keys flat and together, and at your finger tips. Handy and easy on the pockets — neat and serviceable—and if by any chance you should lose the Keytainer the

Identification Service

will speed up its recovery.

This is the way it works out—Each Keytainer contains a small card and a number with the request that the finder send it to "Julian Sale" at Toronto, and receive a reward. Another card with the duplicate number and the owner's address is filed with "Julian Sale" for identification. On receipt of the lost Keytainer it is forwarded to its owner—and the finder receives the reward.

Cowhide Keytainer, brown or black. Six hooks. Holds twelve keys. No. 02-6, $1.00. Other models from 50 cents to $11.00.

For sale by jewelers, department stores, drug stores, leather goods, haberdashery and hardware stores — or from the makers.
Made by Julian Sale and sold at same prices as in the United States.

The JULIAN SALE
LEATHER GOODS CO., LTD.
TORONTO

SHOPPING IN TORONTO with GOBLIN

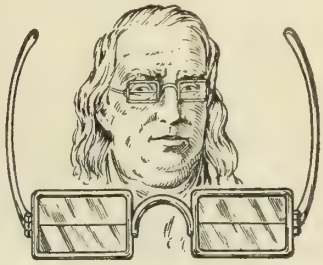
and will no doubt help to fill many a dainty stocking this Christmas. For the man, there is to be found the usual range of articles dear to the masculine heart, with the distinctive feature that everything is chosen with just that extra care and discrimination which will appeal to the conservative well-dressed man.

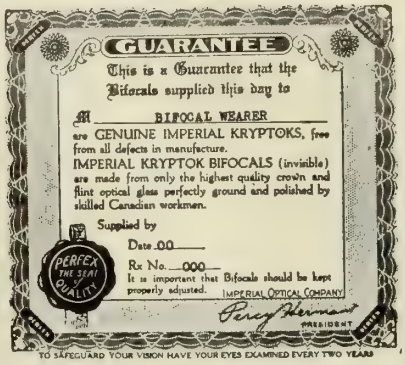
On King Street, between Bay and York, is to be found the famous old house of Julian Sale, whose name has become a by-word for the best of leather goods. Here everything in leather from the tiniest purse to the stout leather trunk is to be found. The Julian Sale Company is featuring this year the Buxton Keytainer, which seems destined to become a prime favorite among Christmas gifts, since this handy article, which is certain of finding appreciation, may be had in the greatest range of models, priced from 50c. to $11.00.

Tea Rooms in Toronto seem unusually attractive this year, and the warm, cozy, hospitable atmosphere of these dainty spots will cheer up many a harried shopper in the chilly days before Christmas. For those who prefer to dine or refresh themselves with a cup of tea in the shopping district, the Willow Inn will be found to be extremely conveniently located. Situated above Tamblyn's store on Yonge Street, near Adelaide, it is within immediate reach of all the larger shops, and the homelike atmosphere and boon of good food well cooked is appreciated by a daily increasing number.

On Bloor Street, near Bay, is the Diet Kitchen with the Diet Kitchen Annex, a tea room which has become an institution in Toronto. It is just far enough removed from the turmoil of down town to give to shoppers a much needed rest and relaxation in the busy season.

The social season is now in full swing. The newer dances are talked of everywhere and the unusual interest in this fascinating pastime has caused larger numbers than ever to seek special instruction. Miss Edna Hinch has for several years been creating a reputation as an instructress. Miss Hinch considers that three private lessons should be sufficient to make proficient even the novice, and a successful progress during the past few seasons seems to bear her out.





Benj. Franklin invented two-sight glasses. They were crude to say the least, two lenses cut in half and placed in an unsightly frame.

To-day you can enjoy the comfort that comes from wearing Invisible Bifocal Glasses, consult your Eyesight Specialist and when he advises Bifocals ask for IMPERIAL KRYPTOKS (best invisible Double Vision Glasses).

Above GUARANTEE supplied with genuine IMPERIAL KRYPTOKS.

Made in Canada

Sold the world over

Imperial Optical Co.
Hermant Bldg. Toronto
Wholesale Only

Doctor: "You have acute tonsilitis."
She: "Yes, so many people have admired it."

—*Moonshine.*

MODERN DANCING
Miss Edna Hinch
356 Brunswick Ave.
Foxtrot and Waltz
Taught in Three Private Lessons
Special Rates to Students
For Appointment Phone Trinity 0037

HAVE you ever dreamed of wealth or fame or a conqueror's crown or cutting out your room-mate's girl? Have you ever longed to knock 'em for a string of gasps by stepping the Charleston in sure 'nuf Southern style? To string it out a bit more, have you ever wanted anything you had as much chance of getting as the glad eye from Mlle. Cleo Patria? Well, once there was a little Ontario girl, says the November 15 MACLEAN'S, who wanted things like that, only more so. But she pulled in her belt and went after them, and if you happen to be in New York around the time of the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season you'll see the result. Jeanne Gordon, Canadian girl, is one of the bright shining lights of that world-famous company, and takes rank beside Melba, Caruso, Dame Clara Butt and the other great voices of operatic history. The story of her struggles, her discouragements, and her glorious fulfillment is inspiringly told by Dorothy G. Bell, in the first instalment of "Jeanne Gordon Wins Her Laurels."

Having wiped away the tears occasioned by that afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 31, when the king's consorts came, saw and conquered in the city on the lake, you'll be in a position to appreciate an article in the same issue by Charles H. (Charlie) Good, famous Canadian sport writer. In "All-Time All-Star Canadian Rugbyists." Mr. Good gives a number of reasons why things break as they do on the gridiron, and how. And it's good fare for the training table.

Article Number Two of Jane Seymour's reminiscences, "The Canada I Knew," increases the affection of the readers for this gentle little lady, who speaks so authoritatively and entertainingly of the Canada our grand-parents knew.

FICTION

To see into the thoughts, and follow the movements of a German airman bombing war-time London, through the barrage of shell and bullets, past the deadly pencils of the search-lights, and into a situation which in after life was to bring its own tragic sequel, is the experience offered those who read "Ex-Commander of a Bombing Plane," a remarkable piece of psychological fiction by G. Appleby Terrill.

The same may be said of "Beautiful Mamma" by Beatrice Redpath. If this yarn doesn't bring you out of your chair it's because you are in bed or standing; and if you read Harvey O'Higgins story, "The Man with the Blue Nose," it'll lay you back again.

In addition to the above, the regular departments, such as Art and Decoration, the Women's Department, Review of Reviews, etc., sparkle with their accustomed brilliancy, and provide an appropriate setting for what,—having read this far too moderate announcement—you will be heart-broken to miss, the November 15 *MacLean's*.

MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

Long Distance

"Doesn't it strike you that's a queer-shaped harp that new woman-angel is lugging round?" asked St. Peter, with a perplexed frown.

"That isn't a harp, that's a wireless set," answered Gabriel, with a pitying look at his superior. "She's enjoying her husband's howls from Station HLL."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

* * *

The young lady of the house looked sad and ill at ease.

"What's the matter, Evelyn?" inquired her father.

"Well, dad," she replied, "You might have told me that you had painted the garden seat. Fred and I sat on it last night, and Fred got his coat and trousers in a dreadful mess!" —*London Telegraph.*

* * *

An Eastern Curriculum

IT SEEMS hardly fair that the West should do all the enlightening on native sports. Here in the East, every vacant lot is being put to use for a rodeo, and the whoops of the cowboys may be heard above the roar of the subways and trolley cars. The East should—if from nothing more than a spirit of fair play— reciprocate with a few troupes of trained performers to show the West a few thrills found only within bootlegging distance of the Atlantic. Possibly something along these lines:

Subway Bucking: Staged in genuine subway cars, with thick glass sides, permitting uninterrupted view of the animals in action. Side doors will snap open and shut for a period of half an hour, and two hundred picked riders will struggle for entrance and a hold on a half a dozen straps. Nero would have paid well for this—don't miss it.

Motor Doggings: A space the width of Fifth Avenue, one block long, is measured off. A score of the city's most agile and desperate jay walkers are tossed in. At the sound of a traffic officer's whistle, double rows of buses, taxicabs, and cars operated by stout women will tear on to the scene and strive to make the world exclusive for motorists. Survivors will be given a big hand and the number of the car which finally brought them down.

Crowd Collecting: Three exhibits will be set up. The first, a man demonstrating a new razor strop; the second, a man washing a window on the fourth floor; the third, a man repairing a sidewalk. A crowd of busy executives will enter, and the men who fail to attract the majority of them for a period of forty-five minutes will be sent back home.

Conference Calling: This calls for endurance of the most rugged variety. Then junior executives, sound in limb and astounding in wind, will stack up against ten selected vice-presidents and general managers. Any subject will do to start the event off. The prize—a life subscription to the American Magazine and an I. C. S. course—will be awarded the man or men who can recall, after eight hours, what the conference was called for, and what was done about it.

—Stanley Jones. —*New Yorker.*

* * *

No Exceptions

The wife and daughter of Colonel Berry, camp commander, came to the gate after taps and demanded admission. The sentry objected.

"But, my dear man, you don't understand," expostulated the older woman. "We are the Berrys."

"I don't care if you're the cat's whiskers," retorted the sentry. "You can't get in at this hour."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

The BROCK Hat

Its popularity with the young men of Canada is fully endorsed by their women folk.

Style tempered with good taste is the reason.

The smart new Autumn shapes and colorings are now on sale.

Look at Your Hat — everyone else does!

109

A Canadian Achievement

The Edited Decalogue

Gentlemen: "Suppose," you speculate, "Moses had had to submit the Decalogue to an editor."

It has been called to my attention that he did. Three copyreaders worked on his Decalogue, with resulting confusion.

This is how I know. With naive faith in advertising, I used your Lost and Found department to effect the return of a tire which had been stolen from my petrol-wagon.

"No questions will be asked," I advertised, sticking close to the formula in such an emergency, "and seats will be provided for his party to see 'The Ten Commandments,' especially the eighth."

World want ads. certainly do bring results. The very next day a young woman telephoned to solicit the same ad. for the American. She specified, however, that I would have to correct the copy to conform to the Decalogue.

"You mean the Seventh Commandment, don't you?" she said, boldly.

"Certainly not," I replied, "I mean number eight—Thou Shalt Not Steal."

She referred me to Father Kelly for confirmation, and, sure enough, the Spiritual Director of the Catholic Writers' Guild agreed that Thou Shalt Not Steal was number seven.

Imagine the predicament in which this puts Cecil B. DeMille!

Well, anyhow, it appears that the Catholic copyreader has combined paragraphs two and three of the Protestant commandments and split up the Protestant number ten, giving the wife a special covet, thus separating her from the ox, ass, man-servant, maid-servant, and other of the neighbor's chattels in a fashion that should make him an honorary member of the Lucy Stone League.

The Jewish copyreader has also combined Protestant two and three and has designated the preamble as number one of the Decalogue, though it really isn't a Shalt Not.

The activities of these editors come as a shock to me, who had always regarded the Ten Commandments as firm as the rock of the Prudential Life Insurance Company.

GLENDON ALLVINE,

—N. Y. World.

* * *

"Good voyage, what?"

"'Twould be if they'd keep the fool thing in the fairway."

—Lampoon.

* * *

"Ish that you?"

"No, thish ish my roommate."

"How do you know it ish?"

"Caush got hish clothes on."

—Pelican.

* * *

Foote—"Say, didja know the coach was goin' into vaudeville?"

Bawl—"Yah! Then he's a stagecoach now."

—Purple Parrot.

* * *

"What do you mean by telling Peggy I'm a fool?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't know it was a secret."

—Tiger.

THE "SPIRO"
Safety Razor Blade
SHARPENER

Highly Nickel Plated

60 Shaves Per Blade.

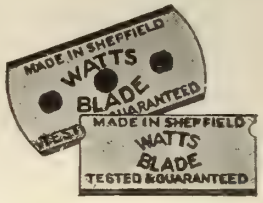
WATT'S BLADES

are made from the finest steel procurable. The operations of honing, stropping and testing are done by hand by experts. This ensures them being super-keen when they reach you, and they keep this keenness for many smooth shaves.
Gillette Type $1.00
Autostrop Type $1.20
Per Pkg.

A Christmas Gift He Will Appreciate

Merely drop the blade on the two pegs, close the box and turn the handle. The revolving spring-mounted spiral leathers strop both sides of both edges simultaneously. The result is a perfectly smooth shaving blade, such as you have rarely experienced. Built like a gun, with nothing to go wrong, a "Spiro" will *ensure* a *lifetime* of shaving comfort.

PRICE $6.50 EACH.
Soon save because of fewer blades required.



If your dealer does not stock them send to

A. W. S. JERVIS, 18 TORONTO, ST., TORONTO, 2

Canadian Agent for John Watts (Estab. 1765) Sheffield, Eng.

He Brought You a Lemon Soda

But You Ordered Ice Water

IF YOU ordered ice water and the bell-boy arrived with a lemon soda it might be very nice — if you happened to like lemon sodas — and if you hadn't wanted ice water.

Perhaps the boy arrived thirty seconds after you sent for him. Nevertheless when his lifeless form was carried from your room thirty seconds later nobody blamed you. You hadn't got service.

You demand service from your newspaper in the same way. When you are curious to know what has happened of importance in the last twenty-four hours you expect the newspaper to tell you just that in as interesting and concise a manner as possible. If instead you are treated to a murder in Iowa or a lesson in superlatives it may be very nice indeed — if you are fond of murders and superlatives.

Most people, however, like to get what they ask for and the Mail and Empire has achieved a reputation for a sane, non-sensational manner of giving significant news, backed by authenticity. That is why it is the largest morning paper in the Dominion.

The Mail and Empire

$6.00 delivered, $5.00 by mail

Daily Average circulation for September 114,742

Yes Sir—
It's made of pure badger but
IT COSTS LESS
The greatest value in a lather brush ever offered

Pure badger hair set in vulcanized rubber. Handle of superb quality and finish. As good in service as in appearance.

Guaranteed, of course, and made in Canada in a hygienic Canadian way.

TRADE SIMMS SET IN RUBBER MARK
LATHER BRUSHES

Nabob $3

Pure Badger Hair or pure Bristles do not carry anthrax germs. Avoid cheap substitutes.

30

Other sizes of same style brush at proportionate prices

T. S. Simms and Co. Limited
SAINT JOHN, N.B.
Montreal Toronto London Winnipeg

Sic Semper

MR. BLIMP . . . er . . . you have no doubt been thinking rather seriously on the subject of . . . er . . . fraternities, since your arrival here at our great college, and you have, no doubt, visited some of the best houses on the Campus . . . er . . . and you have seen a goodly number of the more representative fraternity men. Now, Mr. Blimp, our fraternity of Alpha Belta Damma is, as perhaps you know, one of the largest and most exclusive fraternities in the country. It is the custom of our fraternity to take in only a limited number of men each year, and this number is rather carefully selected . . . er . . . and you probably noticed as you were at lunch today that we have already selected a goodly number of men this year. But we are desirous of inviting one or two more men to join our brotherhood, only we will be even more careful in our selection of that one or two. Now, Mr. Blimp, you have had lunch with us today, and you have seen what a fine and worthy group of men compose our fraternity, and we believe you are the kind of a man who will uphold the ideals of this kind of a fraternity, so now, Mr. Blimp, it gives me great pleasure to invite you to join the fraternity of Alpha Belta Damma . . . er . . . and now that you are wearing the sacred pink button on your lappel, you are really one of our number, and you have all the privileges of the house and you are to feel that you are as much a part of us as even the more mature members of the fraternity . . . er . . . and you may obtain a key to the front door from Brother Boop for the sum of one dollar . . . and, Mr. Blimp, the initiation . . . er . . . fee is one hundred and fifty dollars . . . er . . . and the dues are fifteen dollars a month and the meals come to ten dollars a week . . . and really fraternal spirit shows itself in material things and . . . we trust . . . er . . . you can let us have the one hundred and fifty dollars the day after tomorrow . . . and the rest at the end of the week, and you will find some of your fellow classmates down in the . . . er . . . basement, and you can show your loyalty to Alpha Belta Damma . . . er . . . from the very start, as it were, by helping to sweep out the coal bin."

—Columbia Jester.

* * *

"PEOPLE here seem to think spoons are medicine."

"How's that?"

"Something to be taken after every meal."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

* * *

ALICE: I hear Joe likes only brunettes.

ALICIA: So they say; I'm dyeing to meet him. *—Denver Parakeet.*

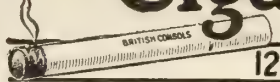
* * *

TOM: Is there any difference in meaning between sight and vision?

JERRY: I should say so. My girl is a vision, and yours is a sight!

—Orange Owl.

British Consols
Cigarettes
COLLECT THE CARD PICTURES



12 for 15¢ 20 for 25¢ also in attractive tins of 50 and 100
The Largest Independent Brand in America
676

In this issue begins a new series of

Town *and* Gown

stories by LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

You recall the sensation caused by TOWN AND GOWN—how it was hailed from coast to coast as *the* book about college. This author is doing for us a brilliant new series of these stories, the first of which appears in December. James Montgomery Flagg is the illustrator.

CollegeHumor

On Sale Everywhere
November 5

Buddies

HE: No, father wasn't exactly a policeman but he went with them a great deal.

—*Denver Parakeet.*

* * *

"I HEAR Tom kissed you last night?"

"Yes—by force."

"Arms or habit?"

—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket.*

* * *

"I BELIEVE you could make love to a stick!"

"I'm beginning to think so, myself."

—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket.*

* * *

"IS HE artistic?"

'No—he can hardly draw his breath."

—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket.*

* * *

'I GOT A RARE old gift for Christmas. One of Caesar's coins."

"That's nothing. I got some of Adam's chewing gum."

—*Iowa Frivol.*

Why doctors recommend Eno

The absolute purity of ENO, combined with its gentle action and pleasant taste, make it the ideal and popular corrective for both children and the aged. Its efficacy as a mild laxative is widely recognised by physicians who prescribe it freely to their patients.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
TRADE MARK 18

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline

A T H L E T E S !

© Vanity Fair.

Do you sometimes put on pants?

Do you sometimes go out into civilized society? Are you included—even by mistake—at luncheons, dinners, teas? Then, what do you know about the other fellow's game? You can't discuss the discus throw with dowagers. You can't sock debutantes in the jaw. Intelligent men and women talk of art, the theatre, dancing, the latest world idea . . . and not even an arrowy dive into the green turtle soup can save you from the consequences of not knowing what it's all about. Bores aren't asked a second time!

Don't be muscle-bound above the ears!

The world can't bother with people who never let more than one idea dawn above their horizon—one sport, one art, one line of repartee.

It won't recognize you unless you can hold up your end when the talk veers to the charming, sophisticated interests of modern life.

And yet the secret of social success is so easy—so simple—so inexpensive. All you need to do is tear off that coupon and spend two dollars for the one magazine that will keep you in touch with every new movement of modern life.

Get a running start! Sign the coupon now!

Special Offer!

10

issues of

VANITY FAIR

for

$2.00

VANITY FAIR,
Greenwich, Conn.

Enclosed find $2 for ten issues of Vanity Fair. Just watch me crash the velvet ropes in nothing flat.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

On the Pleasures of Taking a Fair Companion to a Football Game

Did you ever
Take your girl
To the big game
And hear her rave
About the big, husky warriors?
Then she asked you
Why you weren't out for the team,
And you made the same old reply—
That you were too light for the game.
And then she went on ravin'
About that good-looking darling halfback
Who was the star of the game,
And you began to feel
Like a young runt and a weakling
And she spoiled all the pleasures of the game for you—
But finally she turned to you very sweetly
And whispered, "I think they're wonderful,
Ralph, but I like you a lot better."
Did you ever have the thrill
Of your girl telling you this at a football game?
Neither did I!

—*Black and Blue Jay.*

* * *

About Food

The orator eats tongue, we hear;
The Sultan, turkey lunch.
The undertaker drinks his bier;
The prize fighter his punch.
The acrobats spring water drink;
The toastmaster eats toast;
Surveyors eat their stakes, we think,
And editors, a roast.
Shoemakers have filet of sole;
The printer, pi and sweets;
The hungry actor eats his role;
While policemen munch their beats.

—*Stanford Chapparal.*

* * *

Male—Is the pleasure of this next dance to be mine?

Female—Yes—all yours.

—*Ski-U-Mah.*

* * *

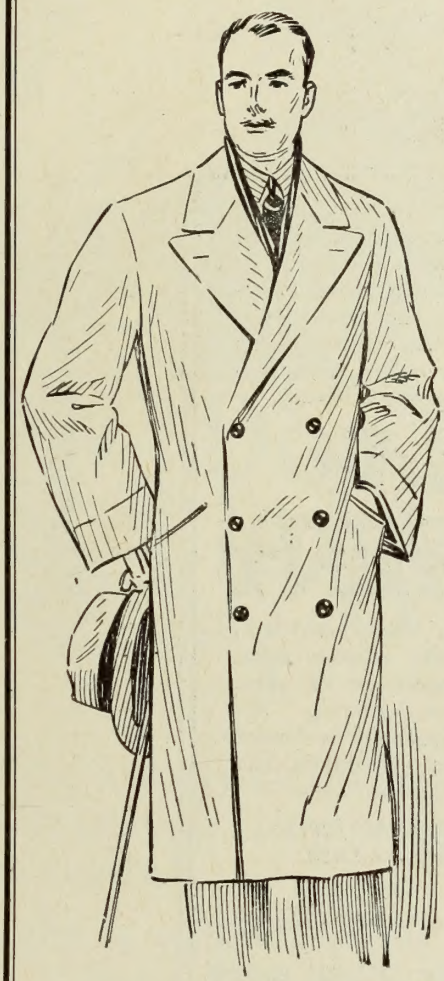
Jonah: "How far are we from land?'

Whale: "3,000 miles."

Jonah: "Don't leave me, big boy."

—*Colgate Banter.*

The largest one-price tailors in the world



Twenty-four dollars

will buy an overcoat like this made to your measure

Why wear ready-mades? Why not have your winter overcoat tailored expressly to your own measure, from all-wool fabric of your own selection and of the shade that suits you best?

You can do it at Tip Top Tailors, for the amazing price of only $24. Why pay more?

Tip Top Tailors

245 Yonge Street

Co-ed: "I think football is just glorious. It gives one such a graceful carriage."

The brute: "Yes, and a couple of charley-horses to draw it with."

* * *

Teacher: "And now, Willie, can you give a sentence containing 'heterdoxology'?"

Willie (aged six): "No."

—*Record.*

Designs

If I were a designer
Of women's clothes renown,
I'd make a hundred pockets
In every evening gown.
And when she'd hand me
Lip sticks and compacts by the score,
I'd smile and calmly answer,
"Dearie, that ain't done no more."

—*Red Cat.*

Quick Relief for CUTS BURNS BITES

Dodd's Antiseptic Healing Ointment is a safe, soothing treatment for all skin abrasions, infections and irritations. Its powerful, antiseptic action prevents infection of open wounds and enables the exceptional healing qualities of this famous ointment to quickly relieve pain and irritation and bring about a speedy recovery.

Dodd's Antiseptic-Healing OINTMENT

for cuts, burns, scalds, bites, sore feet, abscesses, old sores, boils, eczema, piles, ulcers, hives and all diseases of the skin. Absolutely pure and non-irritating. An excellent after-shaving treatment for tender skins. Heals small cuts or chafing and leaves the skin smooth and soft.

Keep a tin on hand for regular and emergency use

50c At All Druggists

SEND COUPON BELOW FOR GENEROUS TRIAL TIN

DODD'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OINTMENT

MAIL THIS FOR SAMPLE

Enclose this coupon with your name and address and 3c stamp to The Dodds Medicine Co. Ltd., Toronto 2, Ont., for trial tin of Dodd's Antiseptic Healing Ointment. 41 6

St. Elite

(Continued from page 31)

against mahogany pews. Ushers, politely, frozenly smiling, tiptoe, tiptoe. Careful, careful! An hour a week for divine guidance. God should be shown one's soul every now and then to make sure it's in proper shape.

"*. . . solid gold candelabra; they say they cost . . .*"

Two new entrants, sack-suited, semi-soft collared. An usher's eyebrow raised three-sixteenths of an inch, questioning, cautious. "From the *World* and the *Trib.*" Whispers. "To be sure, gentlemen, delighted to have you with us. A pew in the front? Mrs. Wellington-Harby's—in Europe—would be charmed." "No, in the back, where we can slide out." "Just as you say, gentlemen—here, please."

"*. . . keep your ear cocked, Bill; the City Editor said he was going to raise hell with the Bishop to-day . . .*"

The organ, "largest in the world." "Lead, Kindly Light——" Soft, shooshy settling back into seats. Sighs of comfort. Rustle, rustle, hymn books being opened. Lofty memorial windows, richly purple, gold, crimson, committing to posterity the names of the departed. "In memory of — in memory of——" Who? Few remember. Somebody's touching, hundred-thousand-dollar memorial to a dead wife.

"*. . . married again inside of six weeks; shouldn't have . . .*"

Choir boys, angelic, sweet, cherubs lent by Heaven to solace mortal griefs; tones soaring like larks, guileless eyes searching the stately vaults of the giant cathedral.

"*. . . that little light-haired one comes into ten million dollars when he's twenty-one; the old man cornered . .*"

The rector. Tall, groomed, benign, crisply gray at the temples; fashionably Liberal, propitiatingly Conservative; tones soothing, modulated, persuasive, gently entreating auditors to enter into God's infinite love and mercy. Inspired, compelling. "And so, my friends, that message delivered centuries ago, still lives to guide us and will live through eternity: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' . . ."

"*. . . why, there's Margot Ardmore; she said she was doing Switzerland this Summer; I knew she was poorer than poverty, but I didn't think she'd be so brazen . . .*"

"Amen." The swelling organ. People gather in aisles, in the vestry, on the steps. Voices resume normal pitch. Duty has been performed; Christianity is safe for another week. Among his flock moves the rector. "I am glad you feel it has helped you, Mrs. Morley, but—'eloquent'? I am afraid you flatter my poor efforts . . Ah, Mr. Clay, I had hoped to see you. Very generous on your part, *very* generous. We shall see it is mentioned in the Bulletin. No, no, my dear sir, I insist. As an example to others if for no other reason . . . Wednesday evening, Mrs. Cotter? I think so, and would be delighted, but—suppose my secretary phones you . . . Thank you, Mrs. Herbert, but I fear I am not worthy of such . . ."

"*. . . the club at three-thirty, Bert. Bring something along; my locker's dry . . .*"

—*T. H. Bliss in the New Yorker.*

Don't forget!

A FEW extra lamps, always on hand, eliminate the inconvenience of a table or floor lamp being out of commission just when it is most needed.

An abundance of light is yours for the asking. No other modern comfort is so cheap as light. A few cents will illuminate your entire house all evening—light is an infinitesimal item in the cost of comfort and convenience.

There is a correct Edison Mazda Lamp for every lighting purpose. Near you is an Edison Mazda Lamp Agent. He is a lighting specialist. There you can obtain real information about good lighting.

L 36

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MAZDA LAMPS
A Canadian General Electric Product

Patterson Candy Co.
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TORONTO